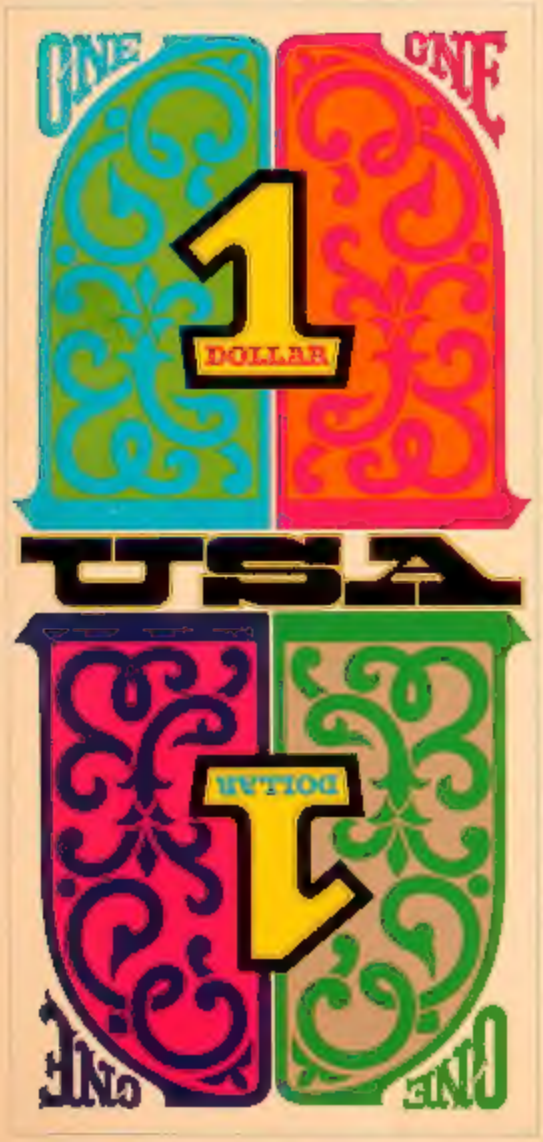
AVANT GARDE 3

Revaluation of the Dollar: 19 Artists Design a New One-Dollar Bill



CONTENTS

REVALUATION OF THE DOLLAR **4**
19 ARTISTS DESIGN A NEW ONE-DOLLAR BILL

PAUL KRASSNER: APOSTLE OF THE PUT-ON **10**
BY FRED POWLEDGE

ANDY'S GIRLS **16**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE KRAFT

"WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, TOO?" **22**
BY DAN GREENBURG

THE FUTURE OF CRIMINAL LAW **26**
BY KARL MENNINGER, M.D.

THE FIRST CHURCH OF LOVE **32**

THE TAMING OF DENISE GONDELMAN **40**
BY NORMAN MAILER

ASTROLOGICAL AUTOMOBILES **46**
DRAWINGS BY FRANCOIS DALLEGRET

PROLEGOMENA TO A STUDY OF THE EROTIC FILM **52**
BY FRANK A. HOFFMANN

MR. AND MRS. BROWN GO WALKING **54**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIO MITCHELL

THE PRISON POEMS OF HO CHI MINH **60**
INTRODUCTION AND TRANSLATION BY KENNETH REXROTH

AVANT GARDE'S "NO MORE WAR!" POSTER CONTEST **64**

DOLLAR BILL DESIGNS ON **COVER**
BY TOM CARNESE, GERRY GERSTEN, AND HERB LUBALIN

AVANT GARDE

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sirs:

The premier issue of your magazine finally arrived, bright and shining, at my cell. With a few reservations, I was quite pleased with your debut, and I am confident that once you get the kinks out and start building up momentum, this will possibly be the outstanding magazine in America. I just hope I'll still be around to enjoy it.

Douglas Dennis
Death Row
Louisiana State Penitentiary

Gentlemen:

Received my first issue of Avant-Garde. Fucking beautiful!

Vic Kircher
Overland, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Please cancel my subscription and return my money. Don't even bother to send me my first issue. Life magazine has panned it, and that is good enough for me.

Anthony A. Angarano
Winsted, Conn.

Gentlemen:

My father received your first issue in the mail and immediately turned it over to me, saying it was nothing but a smut sheet. On first glance I was inclined to agree with him. Then, fortunately, I started reading the articles, and I can now honestly say that I have never read a more invigorating, imaginative, creative, amusing, poignant, and down-right great magazine. Good luck!!!

Donald V. Selkow
Philadelphia

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CLASSIFIEDS

The cost of a classified ad in Avant-Garde is 90¢ per word. There is a 10 word minimum; cash must accompany all orders, and Avant-Garde's editors reserve the right to rewrite any ad in order to improve its effectiveness. Count two extra words for box numbers. If you pay for four insertions of your ad, we'll run a fifth FREE. We forward all box number mail and submit postage bills periodically. Address: Classified Ad Dept., Avant-Garde, 110 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

LITERARY

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Songs, Laments, praise, blame, ups, downs, apples —all in APPLE, a new poetry magazine. Single copy, $1. Four-issue subscription, $3.50. P.O. Box 2271, Springfield, IL 61705.

Will Print Anything, no matter how incendiary. Confidential service. For price quotation, send sample and quantity desired. F-W Printing, P.O. Box 5420, Minneapolis, MN 55406.

Romantic Magazine with photos, descriptions, names and addresses $2. Vernell Reetor, P.O. Box 77631, Los Angeles, CA 90007.

"Love and Power: The Psychology of Interpersonal Creativity," by Paul Rosenfels, M.D., ($4.95) challenges the conformist systems of psychiatry of the modern Freudian era, offering an avant-garde concept of the real nature of man. Read it on free trial. Write: National Mailcraft, Rm. 401-C, 1737 W. Howard Street, Chicago, IL 60626.

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The Love Book by Lenore Kandel. This collection of holy/erotic poems has stirred religious, sexual, and literary controversy since the marathon San Francisco court battle. A frank celebration of total communion. The complete text is available from the publisher. $1.25, ppd. Stolen Paper Editions, P.O. Box 503, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

MERCHANDISE

Four "Will" Forms and Lawyer's "Guide to Wills," $1. National, Box 48313-AC, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

Giant Hostility Dartboards—$3.95 ppd. Johnson, Reagan, Wallace, DeGaville, and others. Also, King-Size Bumper Stickers—"LBJ for Ex-President," "Reagan & Lassie in '68," "McCarthy in '68," "Stop the War," "Melo General Hershey," & many others. 2/$1, 5/$2, 15/$5. Topp, P.O. Box 1602V, Chicago, IL 60690.

Changing Colors, Patterns—continually rotating—filling your entire room by plugging in the ($6.98 ppd.) Celestial Light, Box 2295 GPO, New York, NY 10001.

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Foreign Employment information. Construction, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Foreign Service Bureau, Dept. F, Bradenton Beach, FL.

PERSONALS

If You Are 30-60, d you live in the NYC area, and if you are single and sometimes lonesome or bored, perhaps what you need is intelligent, interesting companionship. For info write to: TWOgether Associates, Dept. AG, 110 East 57th Street, N.Y., NY 10022.

Faustian Professor (Music/Science) desires affectionate and totally affluent woman. Box 3-110.

Bored? Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. P.O. Box 1018, Marion, KS 66222.

Newcomer to Miami wants to meet attractive, liberal Miss, early 20's, interested in boating, martinis, music. Box 3-111.

Searching? It's not enough to just "know thyself." Com/Pat, the People-Matching People at Princeton speed your search from the 1000's programmed into their data bank. Request free questionnaire (pay $10 fee when you return the questionnaire). Com/Pat Systems AV, 194 Nassau, Princeton, NJ 08540.

Sincere, Lonely, Oregon Milkman, 25, seeks kindred soul, introvert, reader, liberal, likes kids. Box 3-101.

Ex-Monk, 36, seeks sympathetic, passionate, young, sexually liberated female to help him forget wasted years and introduce him to real world. Box 3-109.

Gentlemen:

Avant-Garde reads like a collaboration between Allen Ginsberg and Drew Pearson (with a little help from the Mad Bomber).

F.X. Sullivan
The Bronx, N.Y.

Hi!

A medical corpsman here in Da Nang, I just discovered your magazine—a refreshing addition to the run of stuff available around here. I would just like you to know that there are numerous "doves" here, united in our hatred of all killing, and that we shall look forward eagerly to the arrival of each Avant-Garde.

Dennison Kerlee
First Marine Division
FPO San Francisco

Gentlemen:

I am writing to request a change of address, for what I guess is an unusual reason. When a copy of your stimulating and delightful magazine arrived for me here at my school, I was informed that I had received "obscene" literature and that it must be refused—or I would face charges before the student affairs council. I was infuriated, especially by the fact that my magazine was removed from its paper cover and "checked for obscenities" before it was placed in my post office box. Therefore, due to the unspeakable bigotries steaming from this pool of intellectual stagnation, please send future issues to the enclosed address, that of a sympathetic friend.

Victoria Gilbert
David Lipscomb College
Nashville, Tenn.

Sirs:

Please consider this letter a cancellation of my subscription to your trash. I do not want a rebate from you, I don't want a letter of apology (which I know I wouldn't get anyway), I don't want anything from you—just get out of my life! Send the rest of my issues to some deserving freebie in Haight-Ashbury. He can probably use it in the winter to line the windows to keep the cold out.

Nancy Wilcox
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sir:

I am presently in the United States Air Force and on Feb. 5, 1968, I refused to accept an assignment to Tachikawa, Japan, on the grounds that I believe that my fight is here in the Black ghettoes of Detroit, Newark, Chicago, New York, and any place where my Black brothers and sisters are suffering from white exploitation. I feel it is ridiculous for me to pretend I am a free man in Vietnam or Korea and a second-class citizen here in America. It is impossible for me to give freedom to someone 10,000 miles away when I do not have freedom to live three miles outside of the nation's capital. I do not feel any obligation or trust in white America. America has promised my people freedom too long without keeping her word. My brothers and sisters have died for this country since its beginning, all of which has been in vain. I am tired of seeing my brothers kicked, lynched, and mobbed by white America while their murderers go free and in many cases receive praise. Because of my love for my people and my convictions, I refuse to support the U.S. Government in any way until my brothers are free. By my very presence in the U.S. Armed Forces, I have compromised too much. My people and I have given their very souls for this country. No more!

On Feb. 5, at 2:00 p.m., I refused to board an aircraft going to Tachikawa, Japan, as I previously stated. On Feb. 6, I reported to Major Long and told him of my refusal to accept this or any assignment until Black people are free here in America. Major Long ordered me to get my mobility paperwork. I obeyed this order. Upon returning, I was instructed to see Lt. Col. Buckwalter. I also explained to him my reasons for not accepting this or any assignment. Lt. Col. Buckwalter said he was willing to forget this incident if I boarded another aircraft leaving for Tachikawa, Japan. Later, I repeated my refusal, whereby I was placed under arrest and restricted to my quarters until further notice.

I am writing this letter because I know I will not get a fair court martial with a military attorney. I do not have sufficient funds to hire an attorney. Therefore, I am asking the readers of Avant-Garde for help legally, or any advice or recommendations you can give me. If you cannot help me, help those of my people you are able to help.

George S. Edwards, AF 11811262
Langley AFB, Va.

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DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
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Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings cost down to $3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for full big savings.

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☐ Also send _____ Gift Memberships at $2.50 each to names on attached sheet. Made I pay $5, if I join with one friend and split the total, cost is only $3.75 each; with two friends, $3.33 each; with three friends, $3.13 each; with four friends only $3 each.

I ENCLOSE TOTAL OF $_____ covering one $5 Lifetime Membership plus any Gift Memberships at $2.50 each.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

12B © 1967 Record Club of America

Revaluation of the Dollar:

19 Artists Design a New One-Dollar Bill

JAMES GRASHOW

Here are what you might call some new species of money, coin of another kind of realm—the artist's imagination. This wholesale redesign of the dollar bill was specially commissioned by Avant-Garde, on the theory that it's about time somebody did. Anyone who has admired French franc-notes, Greek drachmae, even Icelandic kroner, already appreciates the inexpressible ugliness of our sickly-green, turgid-gray, all-powerful American buck. If some of the artists here seem to have gone a trifle too all-out for beauty, even unto flower power, it is a simple matter of revenge. But all the vengeance is not limited to aesthetics. These bills are not, of course, legal, and neither are some of them very tender—where President Johnson is concerned. Then there are the artists who evidently think a dollar should not only mean but be, for example, the highly practical bill by Chwast (you can smoke it). All in all, these dollars won't pay the rent, but then they won't buy an M-16 rifle, either. And in this world, these days, that's something.

JEROME SNYDER

SEYMOUR CHWAST

JAMES SPANFELLER

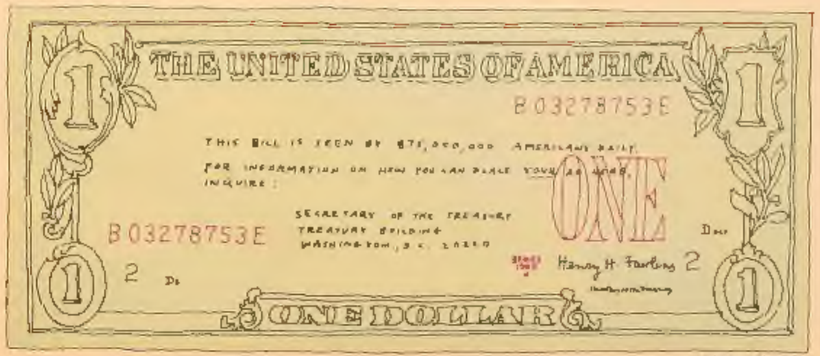
JOHN ALCORN

LIONEL KALISH

EDWARD GOREY

ERNIE SMITH

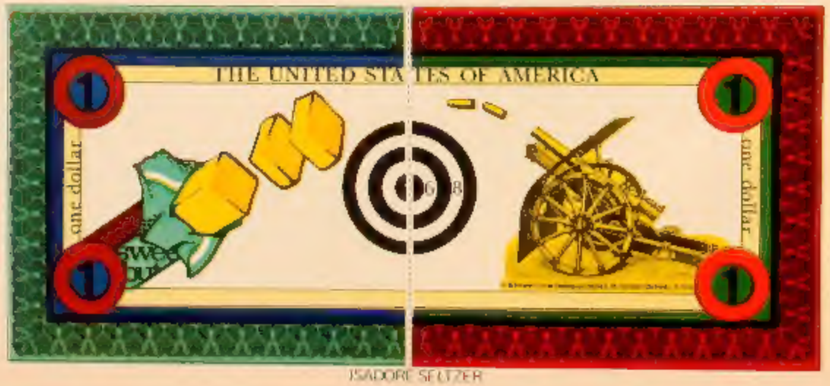
ETIENNE DELESSERT



BOB BLECHMAN

ROGER HANE

FRANCOIS DALLEGRET



ISADORE SELTZER

TOM ALLEN

BY FRED FOWLEDGE

Paul Krassner: Apostle of the Put-on

You walk into the loft that houses *The Realist* and its editor, and you are all prepared to find a 25-year-old, highly intelligent imp, or maybe a gnome, surrounded by pornographic pictures and psychedelic posters, mumbling scatological jokes to himself and then laughing out loud. But instead you find Paul Krassner, a 36-year-old, highly intelligent gentleman with a hint of imp in a face that looks like a police mug shot, juvenile division. He is surrounded by newspapers, magazines, books, clocks, and odd stacks of paper that must be unanswered correspondence but that, you later learn, are actually unread manuscripts.

The debris in the loft would put the Collier brothers to shame, you think at first, but gradually your eyes become accustomed to the scene, and you discover a few islands of neatness. Krassner's desk is relatively clean—a dead giveaway that he really works for a living. His assistant, Sheila Campion, who helps to put out *The Realist* and who is listed in the staff box as "Scapegoat," drifts in from her office, which is neat and businesslike, and impresses you with her quiet efficiency.

At the rear of the loft there is a red television set, and in front of the set there is an obscenely large reclining chair, and you notice that the chair, and the seat in front of Krassner's desk, are the only pieces of furniture in the room that have not been covered long ago by clutter. And then you notice, below the window at the back, a table that is also clean. "That's where I'm writing my novel," says Krassner with a smile, and you realize that he's just as normal as the rest of us.

The Realist, which is Krassner's alias, is a 10-times-a-year publication, rarely published on schedule, each issue running to a couple of dozen pages and printed on heavy, grey, 8½ x 11-inch newsprint. There is something in the journal to offend everybody, and if an edition ever failed to bring in a pile of outraged letters, Krassner would worry. *The Realist*'s motto, printed at the top of Page One, usually is "Freethought Criticism and Satire," but sometimes this gives way to other slogans, depending on Krassner's current frame of mind. Then it can change to "The Magazine of the Lunatic Fringe," "Paranoid Criticism and Satire," "The Great Society Means Pussy Galore," or "The Magazine of Wrongeous Indignation."

Inside, you can expect anything—articles by well-known writers like Terry Southern that you'd not expect to see anyplace else (and you would be right; some of the articles in *The Realist* were turned down by other magazines as too hot to handle); devastating cartoons (one, depicting a graffito artist scrawling "Che Guevara Is Alive in Germany," upset some radical subscribers); equally devastating exposés of the absurdity of our society (a comparison of Arrid Cream Deodorant ads in *Mademoiselle* and *Ebony* showed that the white ladies were advised that "emotional perspiration" was more offensive than the "physical" kind, while the black ladies were told it was "sex perspiration" that caused the trouble).

There is a recurring feature called "Soft-Core Pornography," which is nothing more than copies of pictures and advertisements you've already seen ("Does She...Or Doesn't She?"; "Tonight Could Be The Night").

Then, along about the time you think the magazine is right down your alley, the sort of thing you'd publish if you were impish and had access to a press, you run across something that is utterly revolting to you. It may be an obituary of Lenny Bruce two years before his death or one of George Lincoln Rockwell shortly after his. It may be a cartoon viciously attacking Jewishness or blindness or holy communion or something else you think should be immune from attack. For many readers, it must have been an article called "The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book," a hoax describing an alleged sexual act performed by Lyndon Johnson on board Air Force One.

Then you have your choice. Either you sit still long enough to find that germ of truth that made it so revolting to you, or you cancel your subscription. If you decide to cancel, *The Realist* advised in a recent issue, you should please include your zip code.

Paul Krassner is not getting many cancellations these days. He started *The Realist* in 1958 with a donated mailing list of 3000 persons, 600 of whom said they would be willing to give the magazine a try. Now the circulation is around 100,000, and Krassner estimates that with the pass-on readership, his magazine must reach 500,000 to 1,000,000 people.

It is impossible to determine who reads *The Realist*, since Krassner hasn't bothered to conduct readership surveys on the grounds that they might influence what he chooses to put into the magazine. But *The Realist* seems to be most popular among college students and intellectuals in general. The same stores in the East Village that sell psychedelic posters, beads, strobe-light machines, water pipes, and roach clips usually have a selection of current and back-date *Realists*. And Krassner is devoting more and more space to articles that concern the people who last summer were called the hippies.

The increased circulation hasn't changed Krassner's way of life, though. His advertising rate has not gone up because he doesn't run ads. Although he has never been affluent (his father is a printer at a New York newspaper; Paul attended City College of New York, then started *The Realist* after a brief stint as a nightclub comic, which convinced Krassner that he didn't like nightclubs), he has not rushed out

and bought things. *The Realist* is a nonprofit corporation, with every cent going back into the magazine. Krassner himself lives off his freelance income, which amounts to about $9000 a year. "Some anthropologist said that one definition of happiness is to have as little gap as possible between your work and your play," says Krassner. "That's why I don't take any salary from *The Realist*. It kind of keeps me pure."

Success certainly hasn't persuaded Krassner to hire anyone to clean up his loft. And, most important, success, even at the advanced age of 36, hasn't tempted him to sell out.

"I don't consider being respectable the same thing as selling out," he said not long ago, as he looked around the loft (which is in the East Village), saw that there was no place where two people could sit, and cast three years of old, curled-up newspapers off a seedy maroon couch.

"Selling out, to me, means compromising. Selling out, to me, wouldn't consist of going to the White House if I were invited there. If I didn't say what I believed about the White House *because* I had been invited there, *that* would be selling out."

But wasn't that example sort of academic, especially in view of the Manchester satire? Who, short of Dr. Spock when he becomes President, would invite Paul Krassner to the White House? Krassner agreed, with a smile that could be called impish. "Anyway," he said, "the basic thing is that it's more fun not to sell out."

There is a great deal of Lenny Bruce in *The Realist*, even though the comic is dead, because Bruce's status with Krassner has always been that of a tragic guru. Krassner believes Bruce was the chief prophet of the love generation – a man who was talking about anarchy and free love long before the hippies even thought about long hair. "The greatest thing about Lenny," said Krassner, "was that he said he was part of everything he indicted." That, perhaps more than anything else, is the essence of *The Realist*'s philosophy.

The *Realist* philosophy, not to be confused with the *Playboy* philosophy ("More rationalization per square lit than any other magazine," says Krassner, who is a friend of Hugh Hefner's and who has written for his magazine), has been expressed another way by its creator: "I started *The Realist* because I didn't feel people should have to go to nightclubs to get controversial topical satire." So every month or so Paul Krassner fills a couple dozen pages with material that is mostly funny, sometimes tragic, almost always insulting to someone. Once he changed the motto to "Our Only Sacred Cow Is Irreverence," and a reader wrote in saying "You shouldn't have *any* sacred cows."

Krassner believes there is only one criterion for satire—that the target be somehow related to free will. Thus he once rejected a cartoon that satirized John F. Kennedy's back ailment "because, in my subjective, dictatorial role as editor, I decided that he had no conscious decision in hurting his back, as opposed to, say, the Bay of Pigs invasion." Krassner had no qualms about printing, in 1962, an article about speculation that President Kennedy had been married before he met Jacqueline Bouvier—speculation that long had been researched by the news industry, and that had circulated privately at its cocktail parties, but that no editor would touch publicly with a 10-foot pole until after Krassner had surfaced the story, along with the denial.

And last May he decided to print the Manchester hoax and prefaced it with a very serious-looking boldface note that said a publishing executive had "made available to *The Realist* a photostatic copy of the original manuscript of William Manchester's book," and that *The Realist* was printing passages that were deleted from the book and its serialization.

The "passages" were scandalous—the most scandalous of them being a description of Lyndon Johnson's sexual penetration of the dead President's throat wound—so scandalous that nobody in official Washington could comment on them, with the exception of UPI's Merriman Smith, who did not quote them, but who called the article "One of the filthiest printed attacks ever made on a President of the United States."

Krassner's readers reacted in various ways. Some canceled their subscriptions, supplying their zip codes as requested. Some pored through the Manchester book and established, at least to their own satisfaction, that the "deleted passages" fit precisely into the published manuscript, and that therefore the article was what it purported to be.

Some warned Krassner that he would be jailed. He replied, in a follow-up article in June, 1967:

"Who, I wondered, would be my cellmates? The man in Dallas who sells photographs of the sidewalk with a piece of John F. Kennedy's brain on it? Or the people who *buy* those photographs? Or maybe the TV interviewer who asked Marina Oswald if she didn't feel terribly guilty for depriving her husband of sexual relations on the night of November 21st, thereby causing him to sublimate the next day?"

Calls came in. "George Lincoln Rockwell wanted to know if what we had published was factual," Krassner wrote. And somebody called, identified himself as William Manchester (Krassner believed he *was* Manchester, but now he's not so sure), and asked the editor the purpose of the satire. Krassner said he had wanted "to satirize certain things about the assassination, its aftermath, the hypocrisy, the exploitation, the hypocrisy, the quest for power."

But why write the follow-up, I asked Krassner not long ago? "I did it for two reasons," he said. "One was that a lot of things happened as a result of it—Merriman Smith and all the calls and everything—and I wanted to share those things with the readers, and I couldn't share them unless I explained to the readers that it wasn't authentic. Then, too, I talked to my scapegoat, Sheila, about it, and she said, 'Why did you publish it in the first place?' and I said, 'Well, to blow people's minds,' and she said, 'Well, this way you can blow them twice.'

"Which was true. People went through a lot of changes the first time, accepting it, and then the second time they went through realizing they'd been had. Somebody from Los Angeles told me that the feeling along the Strip was that the thing was authentic in the first place, and that Washington had pressured me into saying that I made it up. I was delighted by that."

Not only does Krassner find satirical fuel in what people do; sometimes he makes up his own satirical situations. Thus he not long ago took on the payroll an ex-call girl from San Francisco, outfitted her with a habit, and named her the *Realist* Nun. Her job was to do a strange thing each issue. One of the strange things she did was to accompany Krassner to the San Francisco Airport one day to wish him goodbye, and to engage in an extremely passionate farewell in the departure lounge. She was, of course, wearing her habit at the time. "Nobody would sit next to me on the plane back to New York," said Krassner.

These examples of Krassner's work may give you an idea of the sort of outrages he inflicts on his readers with such remarkable consistency. But there is another side of *The Realist*, a side that can be referred to only as public service.

Krassner believes even the meretriciousness is a public service. "You don't have to tell the truth," he said recently. "Sometimes the best way to comment on what's happening is to twist what's happening and not present it as commentary but to present it as what's happening. Picasso defined art as 'a lie that makes people see the truth.'"

But there is a lot in *The Realist* that is public service in the conventional sense. Krassner is an enthusiastic supporter of LEAP, the Lower East Side Action Project, an exciting attempt to cope with juvenile delinquency through the belief that kids are basically good and able to govern themselves. Krassner guaranteed the project's first-year rent and has been supporting it financially and journalistically ever since.

He has printed a thoroughly scary article by Charles R. Allen, Jr., on the Justice Department's plans to swoop down, in the event of a "national internal-security emergency," on at least a million Americans suspected of being security risks, and place them in strategically-situated concentration camps around the nation. Another article, by Eric Norden, dealt with a side of the murder of Malcolm X that none of the newspapers printed or, for that matter, seemed to want to investigate.

Why, I asked Krassner, does he persist in running pure scatology right next to serious information about LEAP, a hoax side-by-side with an honest exposé?

"I want to share what I find intriguing to me," he said, "whether it's a meeting of the board of directors of LEAP or a party given by the Sexual Freedom League. It's just a risk that I take. People think I'm flaunting sexual activities or other things that I do, but it's not really that. It's just that I'm tracked onto my ego in the sense that I know I'm saying things that sound very egotistical because I know that people will love to hear about it, or else I'll say it because it'll stimulate a reaction in somebody else.

"Some people react very much to the LEAP stuff, and if I don't print anything about altruistic activities they get disappointed, and other people say 'I really miss the scatological stuff.' So it's where *they're* at, rather than where *I'm* at.

"I really print things that provoke *me* or amuse *me* that I want to share with other people. And the basic audience, see, is *me*. That's the difference between myself and other publishers. Other publishers might say, 'Well, I like this idea, but I don't know how *they're* going to feel about it,' *they* being the readers. But *I'm* one of *them*.

"So the point is that I would want to read *The Realist* even if I weren't putting it out."

Krassner's basic audience is interested right now in what he calls the "evolution of hippies into the whole protest movement." And an examination of back-issue *Realists* shows his thinking is tending more and more in that direction. "The first year and a half," he said, "we had kind of a disproportionate amount of stuff on antireligion. Then I got bored with that, plus the fact that Kennedy and Nixon were campaigning and the whole church-state issue had gotten public, so I didn't have that excuse any more—it wasn't so taboo anymore. Then we went into other areas—segregation, for a while, then nuclear testing, and the war, censorship, obscenity, psychedelics—it was a reflection of my growth, or lack of growth. I'm always sitting on my shoulder watching myself."

Krassner took some time off not long ago to do some serious shoulder-sitting, and he came up with a line of reasoning that is likely to influence *The Realist* for years to come. He and Abbie Hoffman, the East Village Digger-and-eloquent-spokesman-for-New-York-hippies, and Hoffman's wife rented a house on one of the Florida Keys last winter, and Krassner settled down to think, work on a movie script about the deadly virtues (he chose patience as his contribution to the film, and he needed research materials, so he stole a Bible from American Airlines), entertain visiting "temporary soul mates" (he is separated from his wife), and visit an aquarium, where he fell in love with a dolphin and spent an entire afternoon running back and forth in front of its window.

He returned from Florida, refreshed but more cynical than is usual for a manic-depressive who has not yet reached his depressive state, and wrote a piece for the August, 1967, *Realist* (published in January, 1968) that ran under the headline, "Revolution for the Hell of It."

"There seems to be no alternative," he wrote, "...but some sort of violent revolution, almost as inevitable as a hurricane....At the moment my philosophical position along the pacifist-violence spectrum is one of love-sabotage." Hippies, Negroes, and Viet Cong were all in the same bag now, he said. "It's not farfetched to draw a link between sentencing a young person to jail for smoking flowers and dropping napalm on a suspected guerrilla stronghold. What these acts have in common is the exercise of power without compassion.... No, hippies aren't dead, they're just evolving into guerrilla warriors."

Guerrilla war, he suggested, might best be carried out by groups such as the PTA (for Protesters, Troublemakers, and Anarchists, or Protesters, Terrorists, and Anarchists; there is some disagreement over which is more nearly correct). PTA groups are called "families," and are made up of small circles of friends, and thus are theoretically impossible to infiltrate. Krassner belongs to a PTA family, along with Abbie Hoffman and eight other people. He predicts, too, that this summer's convention in Chicago—coincidental with the Democratic National Convention—of the Youth International Party (or YIP, the members to be known as yippies) will mark the beginning of a second American revolution.

"No more marches," he wrote. "No more rallies. No more speeches. The dialogue is over, baby. Tolerance of rational dissent has become an insidious form of repression. The goal now is to disrupt an insane society. We've already applied for the permit."

I saw Krassner not long after he made these pronouncements, and I asked him if he felt the nation was on the verge of widespread

suppression of civil liberties. He seemed a lot less worried than I had expected. He was talking about the revolution from the standpoint of the revolutionaries, rather than about the inevitability of repression from the insane society. He certainly didn't appear to be concerned that he and *The Realist* might someday have to go underground.

"I keep trying to compare the United States with Cuba," he said with a grin. "Cuba had the Sierra Maestra. What are we going to do, go up into the Catskills? But, you know, I don't think I worry a lot about all that. For one thing, we have a free press here. In Nazi Germany there wasn't a free press. I don't know. It's hard to say whether I would go underground. I have no desire to be a martyr. I suppose I *could*, though, and issue my version of *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, with no return address."

I accused him of being an idealist and an optimist, and definitely not a realist.

"Well," he said, grinning again, "I have *ideals*. I think there's a difference between being an idealist and having ideals. I mean, it's possible that *The Realist*'s title may be the most satirical thing in the whole magazine. The crux of Lenny Bruce's work was where he said people had these bullshit standards which you might call idealism that they never live up to. And he talks about what *is*, rather than what *should be*. And so the humor that I deal with comes from the gap between what should be and what is, what people say and what they do. And so I guess it's implicit that I'm an idealist in the process. But it's a kind of fluctuating idealism, you know—that is the way things are, and this is the way things should be."

Krassner also calls himself an atheist, but some of his friends accuse him of being very religious, possibly because he talks about God a lot. Krassner argues that he's only using God as a metaphor.

"I play games with God," he said. "Let's say I have to catch a bus, and it's on the other side of the street, and I run to get it, but I miss the bus. I say, 'Well, God must have wanted me to walk along this block and really groove on it,' so I walk along the block, instead of taking the bus, and I really groove on it." He thought a moment, then added: "But I'm really too humble to think that God really gives a shit about whether I caught that bus or not. But I just play the game.

"And then there was this other time, where a call came at about three o'clock in the morning, and it was from a guy in Chicago who wanted some advice on how he could go about suing the state of Illinois for forcing him to maintain an unhappy marriage. So I gave him the name of a lawyer there.

"He said, 'I know it's insane,' and he apologized for calling at that hour, but I couldn't get mad at him because I figured that he was just so anxious about it that he couldn't wait. I have a great deal of empathy.

"So I hung up the phone and I thought: *Three o'clock in the morning—that's insane!* And then I said, 'Well, God must want me to get up and work,' so I worked from three o'clock to seven o'clock in the morning.

"And that's all tied up in this thing I have about sleep, and time, and death, and the central premise of my philosophy, which is that consciousness ends at the moment of death, and I sleep as little as possible, because when you're sleeping you're not conscious of it." He demonstrated an alarm clock that has no hands, just a clock face that is made of a picture of clouds against a blue sky, and his wristwatch, which has hands but no numerals, not even dots.

"The thing about time is an obsession. I mean, if you lose a paper clip, you can find it again, or get another one, but time is irreplaceable, and it's all I have. I'm trying to experience as much as I can."

The telephone rang. "Excuse me," said Krassner, smiling again. "That's God calling."

He returned from the call and continued on, although on a tangent (when he is giving one of his many public appearances, usually benefits for worthy causes, Krassner has to rely on what he calls "tangent spotters" in the audience to steer him back to his original topic).

"I suppose people are usually surprised that I'm soft-spoken, gentle, and all those things, because I guess they expect a kind of angry, hostile person from *The Realist*. Other people get a picture sometimes of a very sentimental idealist. I don't know *how* I'd describe myself. I once covered a stag-film party as a reporter—this fraternal lodge had this annual event in a rented American Legion hall, with girls dancing nude, and there was audience participation scheduled for later, but the cops moved in and raided the place. The cops came to me first for the arrest. I said, 'Why'd you come to me first?' and they said, 'Because you look suspicious.' Because there's a sort of Hell's-Angels-Reject quality about me." (Krassner is very aware of not wanting to be mistaken for a member of the Establishment. Not long ago, when the antiwar people were demonstrating outside the Diamond Ball in New York, he went as an observer and participant, but refused to cop out by wearing a press badge. He was arrested, and his lawyer advised him that if he told the authorities he was there as a reporter, he would be let off. Krassner declined.)

"What I'm in is a sort of constant state of low-level ecstasy. And when I think of the most morbid possibility, the worst thing that could happen to me or to someone I love, I know that I would experience grief. But at the same time I would be glad that I was alive to *experience* the grief. I would never stop being aware of my own existence. It wouldn't make the grief any the less; it would just give it another dimension."

Krassner claims that he has reached this elevated state through solid introspection, without any of the usual training aids. He neither smokes nor drinks, doesn't even consume coffee ("It'll rearrange your chromosomes," he warned me), and smokes pot only when it comes from Thailand or Laos. He has been on 36 LSD trips, by latest count, but he uses the chemical only to heighten his sensory experiences. He took one of those trips with the Hoffmans one night because, he said, CBS had approached them earlier and asked if they'd take a trip and let CBS film it.

"I said, 'Okay,'" reported Krassner, "'but we want CBS to pay for the LSD, because we want to see whether you check it off as entertainment or travel expenses.' Then they backed off, so we took the trip anyway, a television trip, watching CBS all the time, and I especially liked the commercials, and I thought: *They're all trying to sell me what I'm on.* You know, the pleasures of cigarettes, the pleasures of aspirin, and being turned on by Bufferin, and by beer and everything." He was grinning like Michael J. Pollard.

Krassner's friend Abbie Hoffman is a great put-on artist, but he is also a voluble young man, and this characteristic helped make him the gentleman most sought after by reporters last summer when the press decided to discover the hippies.

How, I asked, could Krassner stay so very closely in touch with the hippie movement—even be a part of it—when he was 36 years old?

"He passes," said Hoffman. "Your age is in your head, and he's about seven. You should see him talking to his little four-year-old daughter. He can talk to anybody.

"He's also the abortion center of the country, the chief gun supplier for a couple of black nationalist groups, he supplies half the acid in the Village, free, he's sort of a psychedelic Santa Claus. He's the chief bailsman, and he's on the board of directors of like every group down here.

"And he's full of energy. Full of piss and vinegar. That's what he's made out of, as a matter of fact. He's the switchboard. You know, in Haight-Ashbury they have this communications center, this real switchboard. We have Krassner. He's also very religious, really. He believes there'll be a better world. He's like Alice's Restaurant. You know, you can get anything you want from him.

"He's like the bookie of the movement. Got two phones, and they're always ringing. A girl wants an abortion on Line One, a guy wants to get out of jail on Two, another guy wants to get out of the country, a girl wants to get laid, a guy wants to get laid—sometimes he connects them up, sometimes he takes the girl for himself."

Why hasn't Krassner had more trouble with the cops, I asked? The editor's usual level of difficulty with the authorities consists of a policeman's coming to the office because someone has complained that *The Realist* is dirty, whereupon Krassner explains the Supreme Court definition of obscenity to him (when they ask what "prurient" means, he says, he tells them "That's when it makes you horny"), and the police leave on friendly terms.

"He will have trouble," said Hoffman. "The stakes are getting higher all the time. He's saying now, in his latest issue, that the goal of the movement is the disruption of the American society. How long you think they're going to stand for that? Paul will be the first to go, whether he knows it or not. When the government figures out it's a vast conspiracy, they'll move against the communications of the movement. And Paul's the single most vital link in the communications."

When was the conspiracy going to start disrupting? "Soon," said Hoffman. "The first thing we're going after's pay toilets. Can you imagine a society in which you have to pay to take a shit? That's what it is about. Paul realizes the issue of paying to take a shit is just as important as the war in Vietnam. It's the whole thing of freedom with him. And somebody who feels that way is *dangerous*."

* * *

Back in Krassner's loft, I asked him about some of the things Hoffman had said about him. Krassner did a lot of thinking and smiling and then said that Hoffman had been putting me on when he said Krassner was the abortion center of the country, a gun and acid supplier, the bailsman, and the communications center.

"But again," he added, "in each of those there's a little germ of truth, and what Abbie's doing is indulging in satire. I mean, people *have* asked me for information about abortions, and I *have* lent money to a black nationalist who's doing some writing, and I *have* given acid to some friends, and I *have* bailed out a few people—Abbie's one of them—and the phone *does* ring a lot. But it's all exaggerated."

The phone rang. Sheila Scapegoat was out sick and Krassner had to answer his own phone this day. It was a young man who wanted to know how to get his girl an abortion. Krassner gave him the telephone number of an out-of-state doctor. The conversation came toward its end. "No, I don't want anything in return," said Krassner. "You're quite welcome."

I asked Krassner how he would go about satirizing himself. The phone rang again, and it was an acquaintance of his who had read, in the latest *Realist*, that Krassner was considering moving his office out into the countryside somewhere. (Since then he has pretty well decided to move this summer to California on the grounds that the country's falling apart, and it is falling apart more in the East.) "Does anybody happen to know of available property with its own waterfall?" he had written. The acquaintance was calling to say that he did know of such a place, but he also wanted to know whether Krassner had been serious or whether the request was a put-on.

"I suppose *that's* how I'd satirize myself," he said, hanging up the phone. It rang again, and while I was figuring out what he meant, Krassner gave another young man some advice on how to get an abortion. "I mean, it's the fact that I'm the boy who cried wolf. This fellow who called with the information about the place with the waterfall, he wasn't *sure* that I was serious when I ran that thing.

"Take these things from outer space—" Another phone call. It was Krassner's mother on Line One, wanting to know what he wants to eat, he's having dinner with her that night. While he's talking, Line Two rings; it's somebody else wanting information about how to get an abortion.

"They always go to these dumb farmers from Iowa." I looked confused. "The things from outer space, I mean," he said.

"But suppose they really did come see *me*, and I got it all on tape, and documented it, and had doctors take samples of their green skin and everything, and wrote a piece about it, and said I had other people there as witnesses—it wouldn't make any difference.

"Everybody would think it's the greatest put-on of all. I wouldn't be believed when I had a *really fantastic* truth. So that's how I'd satirize myself."

Did that bother him?

"No," he said. "I think it's healthy. I mean, I kind of like the idea of somebody reading something and having to question whether it's true or not. It's like the difference between the Manchester piece and the concentration camp thing. One's a hoax, and the other's not. Ideally, a reader should be as suspicious of the New York *Times* as he is of *The Realist*."

"So," I asked, "you really enjoy being the boy who cried wolf?"

"Yeah," he replied, but you could see his mind working, trying to figure out an even better description, one that would look good when it was set in type. "Maybe a better way to put it would be the boy who said the emperor has no clothes on....No, I've got it." He let out a truly enormous grin. "*I'm* the one who cried that not only did the emperor have no clothes on, but that he also had an erection!"

Andy's Girls

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE KRAFT

Andy Warhol's "Factory," a silver-lined loft on East 47th Street in New York, has in the past few years become the Olympus and Parnassus of American avant-garde-dom. There it is that the mild but relentless presence, Warhol, has presided over the production of endless art works that have proved the joy and scandal of the world. There, too, since about 1963, has been the headquarters of the renowned—and joyous, and scandalous—Warhol film industry. Dozens of movies, including the fabled "Sleep," "Empire," "Harlot," "Vinyl," "The Chelsea Girls," "The Nude Restaurant," and "****," have there been executed in the revolutionarily deadpan, laissez-faire Warhol style, a style that has given birth to a new kind of actress: the Superstar. The Superstar is given no set part to play. Warhol's directions consist mainly in yes's, no's, and the subtlest of suggestions. The Superstar plays, in effect, herself—her own personal emotions, anxieties, fantasies—in witty psychodramas, adding up to a vast Human Comedy of the underground before the camera's implacable eye. The Superstars past and present (and, being underpaid, their turnover is terrific) are beautiful, complex, extravagant, and haunted people whose lives on and off screen tend to merge and become one. Veterans include such prominent names as Baby Jane Holzer, Edie Sedgewick, Mary Woronov, Ingrid Superstar, and Nico. On the following pages Avant-Garde introduces, speaking for themselves, five of the newest, hottest female Superstars—the pride and flowering of the breed.

"Andy taught me that everything that I ever thought before was right. My ego has gotten tired from being battered by so many people for so many years; it's a little frayed, like an old camel hair coat. Andy's never battered me, though. He's like a cool running brook.... The best drug as an aphrodisiac is peyote, however, it's nauseating. Now I don't take drugs at all. I don't like drugs. I like wine and good conversation around a table. I used to like pot but then found when I used it I was actually coming down. And I don't take acid anymore, because I don't want to warp my chromosomes. Anyway, drugs are for weak people.... The last time I took acid I did a dance for the sun on the roof. The man I was with didn't want to make love to me so he told me to go up on the roof—imagine! So I made love to the sun. Since then I haven't made it with many men except an occasional creature who had no place to stay. The sun is the greatest lover in the world. Men can't hold a candle to it.... I would like to be Elizabeth Taylor because of all the children she has around her—and the dogs and the cats and the houses—and Richard Burton. A fantastic entourage! I'd like to have a lot of money. I guess I'll have to be a Superstar. Then I could say 'fuck you' to the world.... I have a plan to protest the war. As soon as it gets a little warmer I'm going to Washington, and I'm going to ride naked on a black horse with a black saddle and carrying a black flag with the skull and crossbones on it. And my hair won't be long, either. But I guess I'll need some body guards.... In 50 years words will be extinct (and I was saying this before I even heard of Marshall McLuhan!). We'll communicate by ESP—vibrations. Vocal cords will be only for singing with. You might say I'm the last dying gasp of verbosity. I hate talking so much that I do it obsessively!"

VIVA

Q:
A:
Q:
A:
Q:
A:
Q:
A:
Q:
A:

KATRINA

JOY NICHOLSON

NATIONAL VELVET

ULTRA VIOLET

"WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, TOO?"

A STORY BY DAN GREENBURG

"Good afternoon," said the interviewer pleasantly to the blond young man on the other side of the desk.

"Good afternoon," said Perlmutter.

There was an uncomfortable pause which the interviewer savored, studying Perlmutter's discomfort.

"I'm here about the experiment," said Perlmutter, "the one you mentioned in the ad."

"Ah, yes, the ad," said the interviewer. "I—uh, trust that I'm in the right place?"

"Oh, you're in the right place," said the interviewer, smiling blandly. "You want to be in one of our sex experiments, isn't that right?"

"Well, I—yes," said Perlmutter.

"You're a student here?"

"Yes. Pre-med."

"Ah."

"—uh, trust that there are still openings? In the program, I mean?"

"Tell me," said the interviewer, doodling a possibly erotic doodle on a pad in front of him, "why are you volunteering to participate in a sex experiment?"

"What's the difference?" said Perlmutter.

"I assure you," said the interviewer patronizingly, "we have no wish to pry into your personal affairs, except as they may relate to our business here at the project. Due to the—ah—unusual nature of these particular experiments, we like to have as much information as possible on the people we use, as an aid in determining the potential success or failure of our work."

"I see."

"Now then, what made you volunteer?"

"Well," said Perlmutter, reddening, "outside of the obvious professional interest I have in such activity—"

"Yes," said the interviewer, "outside of that—"

"Well, quite frankly, I consider myself somewhat of a—actually, *quite* a good—uh, well, at least a fairly adequate lover, and—"

"And—?"

"And also, I thought it might be a good way of meeting girls," he blurted out in some confusion.

"You understand, of course," said the interviewer, "that you will never be permitted to learn the identity of the young lady or ladies whom you will—ah—meet during the course of the experiment."

"I understand," said Perlmutter.

* * *

The buxom middle-aged woman in the white lab coat looked up from her papers and motioned Perlmutter into a chair. The hair on her head was dark, frizzy, and public. He wondered if the hair in her bush was straight, shiny and blonde. She pointed to the forms he held in his lap. He handed them over.

"Perlmutter?" said Dr. Bronson, adjusting her glasses and glancing quickly and professionally over the forms.

"Right."

"Says here you're volunteering for a straight Hetero-Norm-Coital set-up. That right?"

"Uh, right."

"No interest in any—in anything more exotic?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean to say is that we are concerned in this experiment with the full range of human sexual activity, not just a small segment of it. As I'm sure you realize, not everybody in the world gets his kicks from just coital contact, nor from contact with a partner of a sex opposite to his own, nor from just one partner at a time, nor even from exclusively *human* partners."

"Well, naturally," said Perlmutter.

"So what I am asking is whether, as you've indicated on this form here, you truly wish to restrict your participation in this experiment to a straight coital encounter with just one human partner at a time of the opposite sex?"

"Oh. Well, yes," said Perlmutter. "I believe so."

"All right," said Dr. Bronson.

"At least for the first one," Perlmutter added, not wishing to be thought a total square.

Dr. Bronson pursed her lips and thoughtfully injected a pencil into her mouth.

"You realize, of course," she said at length, that there are going to be a number of factors present in this experiment of a somewhat distracting nature."

"I realize that," said Perlmutter.

"You realize that you are going to be observed at all times during the experiment by a team of scientists and a battery of delicate and comprehensive measuring equipment."

"I realize that," said Perlmutter.

"Do you think you will be distracted by being observed while in the act of coitus? That is, do you think it will—ah—impair your function?"

"I doubt it," said Perlmutter. "I have been observed before."

"Oh?"

"I mean, I did live in a fraternity house for almost four years."

* * *

On eight-thirty of a brisk Saturday evening in fall, Perlmutter arrived at the Extension Offices of the Project on Psychophysiological Research for his 12th and, he hoped, final briefing.

After sitting for about 20 minutes on a folding chair in an otherwise deserted and sparsely-furnished waiting room, the translucent glass door marked STAFF ONLY opened and a young nurse in a white uniform gave him a pleasant but perfunctory smile.

"We're ready for you now, Mr. Perlmutter," she said.

Perlmutter walked through the door into an examination room with an elevated table upholstered in brown leather.

"Are you Clothed Foreplay, Semi-Clothed or Nude?" said the nurse.

"Pardon?"

The nurse consulted her metal clipboard.

"Perlmutter," she said. "Ah, yes. You're Semi-Clothed. Would you kindly remove your jacket, tie, shirt, shoes, and trousers, and then follow me into the next room."

"I've already *had* my physical examination," said Perlmutter, fearing some clerical error. "What examination is this?"

"Oh, this is no examination," said the

nurse. "This is the biggie."

"The what?"

"The biggie. This is it! Tonight's the night," she said with a wink.

"Tonight?" said Perlmutter. "I had no idea it was tonight. Nobody told me."

"That's the way they're handling them now," said the nurse. "Hurry now, and give me your clothes. They're waiting for you, and they're already four minutes behind schedule."

* * *

Perlmutter stepped through the door in his undershorts and was only partially surprised to meet two middle-aged men and one woman all wearing glasses and white coats, and holding aluminum clipboards.

The woman he recognized as Dr. Bronson. The older of the two men was Dr. Jaspers, the coconductor of the experiments. The other man was evidently some sort of technician.

At the far end of the room stood a bank of complicated machines, covered with dials and wires. In the middle of the room was a large bed with the covers turned down as if by a hotel chambermaid. A little night table with a crocheted doily and a pitcher of some cold drink or other was apparently somebody's attempt to balance the clinical atmosphere with a touch of domesticity.

"Perlmutter?" said Dr. Jaspers.

"Yes."

"Good. Nurse, send in Miss Ras – Send in our other participant."

A pleasant-looking slender girl of about 20 entered the room with what Perlmutter judged to be a surprising amount of aplomb, under the circumstances. She had long straight hair of a nondescript brown color, and wore bikini panties, a black brassiere, and glasses.

"I took the liberty of having her remove the stockings and garter belt to save time, doctor," said the nurse, and then turned anxiously to Perlmutter. "Unless that excites you?" she said.

"Oh. Stockings! No, that's O.K.," said Perlmutter.

"Very well now," said Dr. Jaspers, "will you both please step over to the bed?"

Perlmutter and the young woman approached the bed and looked at each other shyly.

"I guess we're supposed to sit down on it or something," said Perlmutter.

They sat down on the bed and had some difficulty deciding how close to sit to each other. For want of something else to do, Perlmutter puffed up one of the pillows.

Dr. Bronson approached the bed with several coils of wire, a roll of tape, and a small bottle of clear liquid.

"Don't pay any attention to me, kids," she said. "Just get started."

"What are these things?" said Perlmutter as Dr. Bronson began fitting an electrode to the left corner of his mouth.

"Various technical devices to measure your physiological responses. Don't pay any attention to them. Just get the ball rolling."

"Look, these things are going to get in the way," said Perlmutter out of the right corner of his mouth, as Dr. Bronson began to attach a second electrode to his armpit.

"They shouldn't," said Dr. Bronson, taping a third electrode to his chest.

"I'm not sure I like these things at all," said Perlmutter.

"Then why don't *you* start things off, dear?" said Dr. Bronson to the young woman.

Obligingly, the girl reached out, placed her arms around Perlmutter's neck and drew him down on top of her. Miraculously, and in spite of any anxieties to the contrary, Perlmutter felt himself beginning to get aroused.

"Hello there," he said to the girl, feeling somehow they should have been introduced, at least with pseudonyms.

"Hi," said the young lady and bit his earlobe.

"Would you please remove the bra," said Dr. Bronson, "I need a nipple here."

"O.K.," said Perlmutter sheepishly and with a modicum of difficulty unhooked the young lady's brassiere. She had rather nice ones, he thought, and did a little test of his own.

"If it's all the same to you," said Dr. Bronson, "I'd prefer that you worked on the right one. The left one is mine."

"Oh. Sorry." Perlmutter quickly moved to his proper station.

"Mmmm," said the girl.

"Feel nice?" said Perlmutter.

"I get an excitation reading of three-point-two," said the lab man, scrutinizing his dials. "I call that feeling pretty nice."

"Let's push on now," said Dr. Bronson. "I need the crotch."

Perlmutter, slightly irritated at the older woman's back-seat driving, slid his hands over the young lady's hips and pulled down her panties. Once more, he felt a surge of excitement. He began to run his tongue lightly across her collarbone and down her rib cage to the waist.

"Excuse me," said Dr. Bronson from somewhere below. "You kids may have all night, but we're on a schedule here." She unceremoniously eased Perlmutter out of his shorts.

Perlmutter and the young woman looked politely beyond each other's nakedness as Dr. Bronson continued to attach electrodes.

"Do you, uh, come here often?" said Perlmutter and realized immediately the inanity of his question.

"I've been here about 12 times," said the girl.

"Oh. Me too. How did you happen to vol– Hey!" he said suddenly to Dr. Bronson. "What the hell are you gluing to me *there*?"

"Merely an intrauterine camera," said Dr. Bronson. "Don't get so upset."

"Listen," said Perlmutter, "how do you expect me to –"

"Did you or did you not tell me in examination that you have extraordinary powers of concentration?"

"Well, sure, but there's a limit to– "

He felt a gentle, reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right, don't worry about it," said the young lady. She had a marvelous smile. "We'll do it anyway. I'll help you."

Perlmutter looked at her gratefully. Then she closed her eyes and he kissed her for the first time. She was really an exceptional kisser. Perlmutter wondered if he were going to fall in love.

"You know," he said, "you're really very nice." He began to move his hands over the soft warm curves of her body.

"So are you," she said.

"You have lovely skin," he said.

"You have a very – wiry chest," she said. "You have static on your oral-audio circuits," said the lab man.

"Listen," said Perlmutter, "you know you really do look awfully familiar to me. Are you sure we haven't met before?"

"I doubt it. I never forget a face," said the girl.

"The talking is what's giving you your static," said Dr. Jaspers. "Cut out the cross-talk, would you?"

"According to the secretometer, she does not look very excited to me," said Dr. Bronson. "Young man, do you think you could pep up your pace a little?"

With more than a little annoyance, Perlmutter pepped up his pace.

Quietly, steadily, doggedly, he worked over the young woman's body until – perhaps 10 minutes later, she began to moan with pleasure. And for a moment he forgot all about the electrodes, the wires, the machines, the doctors, and the intrauterine camera.

"Contact," said somebody on the other side of the room, but neither he nor the girl paid any attention. With deliberate, rhythmic, somewhat masterful motions, Perlmutter was bringing her higher and higher, closer and closer to the summit.

"Do you like it this way?" he whispered.

"Oh, yes. I never knew it could be like this," she said.

"You really think I'm that good?"

"Marvelous. The best."

"Honest? You really mean it?"

"Marvelous," she groaned. "One of the two best sexual experiences I've had in my entire life. Ouch! What are you doing?"

"Who was the other?"

"What?"

"You said I was one of the *two* best. Who was the other?"

"Ow! Hey! What do you mean? What does it matter?"

"I have to know."

"A guy in Wisconsin. I don't even remember his – Hey, now cut that out. I'm not kidding!"

"Cut that out," said Dr. Bronson. "You volunteered for Norma-Coital, not Sado-Maso, remember? You're going beyond the parameters of this experiment."

"What did the guy in Wisconsin do that was so great?" said Perlmutter.

"I don't remember. It was a long time ago."

"Did he do *this*?"

"Hey!" said the young lady, "you're giving me marks."

"Hey!" said the technician, "you're giving me negative feedback on my white reference!"

"Did he?" said Perlmutter.

"Ooh," said the young lady. "No, I don't think he did *that*."

"We are not equipped to measure what you are doing now, young man," said Dr. Bronson, "although it is very interesting. Perhaps you would wish to change your category and start over again with another partner?"

"I've got a beauty for him in the morning group," said Dr. Jaspers. "She wears leather shoes, too."

"This one is just fine," said Perlmutter.

"Oooh," said the young lady again.

"Am I still one of the two?" said Perlmutter.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh. My God. No."

"Then tell me."

"Oooohhhhhh."

"Tell me."

"Ohhhh, you are– you're the best. My God."

"Unless you cut that out right now and go back to the regular experiment, the whole thing is off," said Dr. Jaspers.

"The best, eh?" said Perlmutter.

"God, yes."

"Good," said Perlmutter, "that's better. That's much better."

"I'm not kidding you, young man, I'm going to stop this experiment," said Dr. Jaspers. "That means you both forfeit full monetary compensation, you know."

"Am I going to see you again?" said Perlmutter.

"That's not allowed," said Dr. Bronson.

"Yes. Yes!" said the young lady.

"Often?" said Perlmutter.

"I forbid this! I forbid it!" yelled Dr. Jaspers. "Dr. Bronson, remove the electrodes. This experiment is canceled!"

"As often as you want," said the young lady. "Oh God, God, God, God, God."

"And will you stop seeing anybody else you're now seeing?" said Perlmutter.

Somebody was pulling wires off Perlmutter's body, but he hardly noticed.

"Will you?" said Perlmutter.

"I'm sorry to bother you," said Dr. Bronson, "but I need that camera back now."

"With you?" said Perlmutter.

"Yes, yes, my God, yes!" said the young lady.

"The camera, please. We have another couple waiting."

Dr. Bronson pulled them forcibly apart, yanked Perlmutter off the bed and half-dragged him toward the examination room where he had first gotten undressed. The young lady was still sobbing in the background as Dr. Bronson, puffing hard from exertion, pushed Perlmutter into the examination room and slammed the door behind them.

"Well," Dr. Bronson gasped, "that was some demonstration. Some cute little act you've got there. A few more hot-pantsed lunkheads like you, and the entire project goes out of the window."

"I'm sorry," said Perlmutter, "I just got carried away. That happens to me sometimes."

* * *

After he got dressed, Perlmutter waited around outside the building for 10 or 15 minutes, but the girl never appeared. Perlmutter figured she'd probably left by another entrance and so he went on home.

Leafing through a telephone book in his rooming house, he looked for her in vain. All he really knew about her was the first syllable of her last name which Dr. Jaspers had let slip when she'd first entered the room. RAS – He opened the book to RAS – once more but once more he didn't know where to begin calling. It could have been anything. Rasmussen, Raspberry, Rasputin, Raskonkov– anything.

Besides, what could he say to the people he called: "Hello, would you be kind enough to tell me whether you are the person I made love to earlier this evening at the University?"

No, it wasn't worth the embarrassment. He'd just have to forget about her, that's all. It was probably just as well. She was probably emotionally unacceptable as a serious romantic partner anyway. She was probably so hung up she couldn't make it with fewer than three people looking on. He could just see himself making frantic phone calls to round up a trio of voyeurs every time he wanted to make love to her. No, he was better off without her. In fact, he was relieved to be rid of her. After all, *who needed the kind of a nut you would have to be to volunteer for a sex experiment anyway?*

THE FUTURE OF CRIMINAL LAW

BY KARL MENNINGER, M.D.

Our highly civilized nation has the most crime of any country in the world. Our beloved President Kennedy was assassinated by a nonentity who was himself assassinated before a trial could be held. Our jails are full, our court dockets are jammed. Every state is enlarging its prison "facilities" at the very moment that all progressive states are reducing the capacities and populations of their state hospitals. While four-fifths of the patients in our state hospitals are now discharged within a few months of their admission, 70% of the people in jail receiving the standard *penological* "treatment" have been there longer and have been there before. They have already *had* our idea of treatment once or twice or thrice. And over and beyond all the felons who are locked up and relocked up, released and rearrested, retried and resentenced (at great and wasteful expense to the body politic), there is the much larger number who are never detected, never convicted, never serve a sentence. Crime is costing us $28 billion per year in this country, and a pall of darkness extends over the entire administration of criminal justice.

Many people are distressed about this situation. Many are alarmed and say so publicly. And, let it be said in fairness, many are trying to remedy it—either by piecemeal changes in the process here and there (improved police science, for example) or by more radical proposals.

I. The Role of the Psychiatrist

What can the field of psychiatry, a branch of medical science, contribute to the improvement of the situation? What can the psychiatrist do or refrain from doing that would help? Often the psychiatrist seems merely to add confusion and subterfuge rather than clarification.

I submit that our negative help, made with the best of intentions, stems from our being in the wrong place, offering our help at the wrong time. A psychiatrist is out of place in the courtroom, because he neither speaks the language used there, nor understands the principles in operation there, nor concurs with the method of finding truth to which the law is committed. The psychiatrist enters the courtroom by invitation, remember, to be exploited by someone—either by the prosecution or by the defense usually, but after he submits to

utter a few magic words, to say that the individual who has been accused is or was bewitched. If bewitched, then of course he is not responsible for the crime he committed, the witch is responsible. In the older days the prisoner could be executed for that—or someone else could be—but we have grown more humane. Since we cannot execute the witch, we do not execute anyone.

Modern psychiatrists do not use the term "bewitched." They use an equally meaningless term, "responsible." This is not their word, it is a legal word. They really do not know what it means. Nevertheless, the court asks them if the prisoner has "responsibility." If the prisoner is behaving in a way which psychiatrists regard as ill, they assume this to be what the lawyers call "irresponsibility." And so the psychiatrists answer "yes" or "no."

Psychiatrists are inclined to doubt that *anyone* is completely irresponsible for anything about his life except his own birth. In everything in which he participates a human being has a share of responsibility, as we interpret the word. Do not talk about what fate has done to you, said Freud, in essence, look rather at what you have done with your fate. Someone asked Freud if people were responsible even for their dreams, and he replied dryly that if the dreamer is not responsible, who indeed is?

Whatever the quality of legal responsibility it is nothing psychiatrists have been trained to identify. On the other hand, since it is a human opinion about a course of treatment which psychiatrists do not use, namely, punishment, it is up to the judge or the jury, certainly not the psychiatrist, to say whether or not the man should receive this treatment. If the psychiatrist must testify in the courtroom he can say whether or not a man is deluded or hallucinated or how he is in contact with reality, these are behavior patterns which he has learned to detect. The judge can then decide from this information whether it fits his notion of punishability, which is to say responsibility.

It is a real blessing that in the majority of cases psychiatrists are not called to testify in court. But it is a great tragedy that in all cases psychiatrists are not available to judges *after* the guilt has been established to advise them regarding disposition, as was recommended by the Wickersham Report in 1927, by the section on criminal law of the American Bar Association the same year, by the National Crime Commission the following year, and by the American Medical Association and the American Psychiatric Association in succeeding years. It would be a great step forward if the judge could obtain psychiatric, social, and educational evaluation of the offender by a board of experts. We shall discuss this further, shortly.

II The Role of the Judge

As it is in most instances, a man convicted of having broken the law is for the time being at the mercy of the judge, who must decide without any information where the convicted man goes next, what he does next, what roundabout route he follows in his temporary removal and slow return to society.

Does the judge order the offender to make restitution in kind to the person injured? No. Does he draw any conclusions about the unhealthy neighborhood or precinct in which the crime committed by this man seems to be endemic? No.

Will the judge investigate the personality, the character, the strengths and weaknesses of the offender? Will he be guided in making his decision (the offender's social treatment) by any hint that the criminal needs counsel or crutches or a confessor? Most probably not. The judge is not a doctor, he is not a sociologist, he is not a policeman, he is not a welfare man, he is a judge. He must act for the state in balancing the offense committed with the corresponding offensiveness to the state. The offender may have been ruthless, he may have committed his crime without finesse, but he will receive his repayment with formality and dignity. The judge will consult the statute books and read the prescription.

Let us not be too hard on the judge. Most of the improvements that have been brought about in recent times have come because some judge could not take it any more. He is really in a dreadful position because he is expected to do the impossible. He is expected to know in advance just how much frustration and humiliation it is going to require to change the convicted offender into something better—or something worse. There is usually nobody to help him, and in many instances he has only a few minutes to decide each case. And he has very few alternatives, things are pretty well specified in the books.

If he is an enlightened judge operating in an

enlightened state where something like the enlightened Model Penal Code is in effect, he may venture to suggest that the case be studied impartially by scientific experts and the recommendation made to him as to where the man might be sent for some kind of social handling which would effect a change in his behavior patterns. At least it could be determined whether he was sick or senile, feeble-minded or frantic, meretricious or merely fatuous. Such a judge might allow himself to assume that if a man has done something wrong, there may be something wrong with that man or with the situation in which that man operates. He might assume a capacity for receiving help which could at least be explored.

But in a vast majority of instances the judge may not assume that and does not proceed accordingly. He assumes that the man who has been convicted of crime is mentally and physically healthy and is moreover willful and perverse, such that he did defiantly, aggressively knowingly, and impudently violate the laws of our state. By due process of law, this individual is convicted.

For such persons there is a stipulated remedy. It has been established by law. Regardless of other factors relevant to the single act which has been pronounced criminal, there must now be an official ordering of punishment and subsequent infliction of this punishment. The punishment must fit the crime, not the criminal, and the legislature long ago decided how that fit was to be measured.

This is one place where the psychiatrist could and should come in. The facts have been decided. The guilt has been established. Now the question is, what can be done with this man? What is wrong with him? What is wrong with the environment in which he lives? What is it that is overtaxing him? Why can't he behave like the rest of us? Why does he want to make everyone mad, at such great expense to himself as well as to us? Is he feeble-minded? Is he moronic? Is he blind with rage and, if so, what about? Is there a nail in his shoe or a tumor in his brain?

It is often easy to dismiss such cases by saying, "Oh, he is just a greedy fellow who wanted to make money," or "a vicious fellow who wanted to see blood." But these are not scientific judgments. These are primitive judgments. These are the kinds of judgments about human behavior which gave rise to our now archaic system.

Following the trial the psychiatrist could be very useful. He could be part of a team which might have 60 days, for example, in which to study the offender and offense or offenses which he has committed. They could evaluate his educational level, his peculiar emotional constitution, his physical status, his talents if any, his proficiencies, and also his deficiencies.

As a result of such a diagnostic study, the psychiatrist and his associates could say to the judge, "This man, who does such bad things, is driven in this direction by forces that, unaided, he cannot control. He was beaten daily by his father for the first 10 years of his life. And in his blind rage he keeps wanting to beat back. It will take him a long time to learn that there is a different kind of human relationship, and he is not likely to learn it unless he can be in a place for awhile in which he can relearn his living habits and the ways of relating himself to other human beings.

Or the clinic may say to the judge, "This man does bad things because he has a very bad head. The poor fellow has the intelligence level of a nine-year-old child and yet he is expected to live and cooperate with people as if he were at least half his real age, which is 30. He can't do it. Society must temper the winds to the shorn lamb, or they will have a continuously erring or straying member.

Or the clinic might say to the judge, "This man did commit a criminal act and under circumstances which made it the only possible thing he could do. It was the lesser of two evils and in a certain sense he did wisely. The chances are 100 to 1 that he will not do anything like this again, and he should return immediately to his work and report to the judge periodically."

Or the clinic might say, "This man is possessed of delusions and hallucinations to the extent that he has no idea of the real nature of what he does or what the court intends to do to him. We should recommend his immediate treatment in a hospital."

Just such recommendations as these are made daily by such diagnostic centers as are provided by the laws of the state of Kansas and the state of California. Theoretically all offenders are supposed to have such examinations and their judges given such reports before a sentence goes into effect. Practically, the demand for such services has been so great that in Kansas, at least, all the psychiatrists we can muster cannot keep up with the job.

III The Role of the Prison

The recommendations of any scientific clinic are going to disregard the assumption that the prisoner has to be punished. Just being mean to a person because he has been mean to society does no good. But the treatment that people must take for any condition is going to have its unpleasant aspects and perhaps seem to them to be punishment. If you doubt this, make an appointment with the dentist to have your tooth pulled. Treatment is never a pleasure.

The whole idea of punishment is so inextricably wrapped up with law, tradition, morality of various versions, childhood recollections, sentimental identifications, fear, resentment, and other emotions that it is extremely difficult to speak about it or write about it objectively. Our statutes themselves contain prohibitions against cruel and unusual punishments, indicating that in some way or other the hurting done by the state must be a familiar, garden variety of hurting and not something unexpected. To deprive a man of decent social relationships, palatable food, normal sexual relations,

friendships, and constructive communication does not strike the law or the lawyers or even the public conscience as being cruel or unusual.

It is really hard for a scientist to find any justification for punishment as the law interprets it. The general idea seems to be that since the man has offended society, society must now officially offend him. It must deliver him a "tit" for the "tat" that *he* delivered. So this must not be impulsive retaliation, it must not be mob action. It must be done by agency, by stipulation and by statute. It must be something that will make him sorry for what he did, if he is already sorry, then it must be something that makes him sorrier. The fact that he is more apt to be sorry that he let himself be caught does not enter into the formula.

Furthermore, the "tit" that we inflict upon him must be different from the "tat" that he inflicted upon us. He may have murdered or robbed or cheated or seduced, we—society, the law, the prison—do not do any of those terrible things. But we will take him out of his ordinary walks of life out of his vocation, if any, out of his family, out of his community, out of the world of free human beings. He will be transferred to a housed colony of strangers with whom he has nothing in common for the most part except that like himself they have been

caught at something illegal, could not escape from the "system," and hence are now being given the treatment. These others have also been sentenced to undergo this public, official revenge for their offenses, including this reduction to a state of humiliation, anonymity, idleness, and futility.

In this state of quarantine and degradation, the offender will meditate upon his evil deeds, his stupidity in having permitted himself to get caught at what "everybody was doing," and upon the generosity of society in providing him with a living free of charge.

He will be assigned a number and a uniform, and he will be maintained at public expense in the most drab and dreary environment conceivable, for a period of time which becomes the subject of complicated methodological recalculation based on the number of years defined as minimum, the number of times the prisoner is caught whispering or smuggling "contraband" into his cell, the number of auto tags manufactured, and other criteria of good and bad behavior.

IV. The Role of the Parole Board

When the minimum prescribed "time" has been served, the prisoner may go before the parole board. He lives the last months of the period in an agony of mixed fear, uncertainty, and anticipation. On the day appointed he dresses in his best overalls. He may be allowed to have his shabby old out-of-style coat brought from the locker room and draped over his shoulders. Wistful, frightened, suspicious, sometimes sullen, but always apprehensive, he sits at the long table before the warden and the chief guard and the solemn members of the parole board. His record is read: abstracts of his "case" lie before each member of the board. This includes his prison record, which usually tells how many times he has been punished for talking in ranks, for buying smuggled tobacco, for replying to an officer, or for quarreling with another prisoner. If his record is not too bad, if the deputy warden can say a few good words for him, if his legal time minus his gained time fits the formula decided by the judge long, long ago, he is "eligible." He is then asked a few questions.

I have heard some of these questions. "Do you think you have learned your lesson?" "Do you intend to go straight now?" "Will you behave yourself?" "Can you keep out of trouble?" "Are you sorry for what you did?" "Have you been treated fairly here?" "Do you have a job?" "Will you join the church?"

Questions even sillier than these are fired at a fellow who would answer affirmatively any question in the world if he thought it would get him out of the torture of his imprisonment. Sometimes, of course, members of parole boards ask very intelligent questions, but most of them realize that the answers given under such circumstances are not very credible. The great deformity of this man's personality (if there is one) is never examined, and of course could not be under these circumstances. For all its strength and growth, psychiatry has not yet been able to convince the parole boards, the lawyers, judges, or even the general public that there can be a useful, systematic, scientific investigation of the motives, feelings, fears, sorrows, hates and loves, delusions, and phobias of individuals who will cooperate. But these private inner secrets cannot be elicited in a public situation.

I do not criticize the board members for the questions they ask. I criticize them for asking any questions at all under the circumstances. The best interviewer in the world would probably fail to elicit any useful information out of an examination made under these conditions in front of these jurymen. But the right kind of an examination *could* be made and reported.

But the tragedy is that as a rule there is not much scientific data to go by. There has been no psychiatric examination. There has been no case study. There has been no objective personality inventory. Frequently, there has been no social worker investigation of the family, the neighborhood, the sociological surroundings of the crime. Furthermore, most parole boards have under their jurisdiction too small a number of parole officers. Often they are extremely conscientious and capable individuals, but are usually insufficiently trained, inadequately supervised, and underpaid.

Thus, whether the parole board is perspicacious and conscientious (as I know some to be), or stupid and unscrupulous (as I have known others to be), the fate of the prisoner is a tossup. He may be remanded back to prison for a little more penitence and reflection at state expense, of course. Or he may be dumped back upon society to sink or swim, blessed only with the expensive education he has had in concealing bitterness and fury. In some states, such as my own, he will not be released no matter how good his record or how long his service, until he or someone else has obtained for him some sort of employment prospect. Many are kept waiting to serve a postgraduate term in prison while presumably more meritorious and virtuous (at least more fortunate) people on the outside take the available jobs. But, if there are any jobs that no one wants, prisoners, *i.e.*, ex-prisoners, may have a chance at them.

V. The Role of the Public

The ex-prisoner thus re-enters a world no longer like the one he left some years before, and certainly nothing like the one he has been living in. In the new world, aside from a few uneasy relatives and uncertain friends, the prisoner is surrounded by hostility, distrust, and dislike. Complex social and economic situations which were already too much for him have grown no simpler. The unequal tussle with smarter, "nicer," and more successful people begins again. The ex-prisoner is thus proscribed from employment by most concerns, and usually unable to find new friends and ways of living, and above all is forced to survive, without any further help except an occasional warning from a watchful parole officer.

His chief occupation for awhile will be the search for an occupation, accompanied by innumerable rebuffs, suspicious glances, discouragements, hostile encounters and, of course, inevitably, temptations. Aside from that of his parole officer (toward whom he may not always feel kindly), the first friendly face that such an individual is likely to see is that of some crony of the old days who has been waiting for a little help to do a little job.

Remember, we are talking about a human being, a handicapped one at that, one who needs all the things the rest of us do: something to do, something to eat, someone to talk to, and a little bit more! You and I can get along without committing crimes (most of the time). But obviously the criminal cannot, or at least does not. The fellow who has been in jail not only has what made him commit the crime, but he has what the jail did to him. Like the rest of us, he is inevitably attracted to other people, but it is a lot harder for him after discharge to get to those other people, and the people he is finally able to get to are often poorly equipped to help him, to love him, or even to like him.

Do the churches reach out to take him in? Do business firms recruit him? Do the unions quickly take him in and find him a job? Does the country club give him a locker? Does any but the lowest class restaurant or rooming house welcome so unprepossessing, shabbily dressed, and often ill-favored individual?

Does anyone know or care if he is depressed, desperate, deluded, hallucinated, delirious, suffused with ideas that he is being persecuted? Does anyone ask whether he might still be dangerous? Does anyone ask what useful things this man might do, what values he might render to society in exchange for the offenses he perpetrated upon it? Does anyone ask what might have been done to deter him? Does anyone ask what might be done to redirect him?

No, certainly not. That is not in the statute book. Criminals are not to be "helped." Criminals are to be *held*, and hurt, threatened and warned, pushed and punished, released and paroled. But "helped"—for heaven's sake! Soft-headed sentimentalism, liberalism, egghead stuff, practically communistic. These men are toughs, they are dangerous, they are vicious, they are enemies of society. Do not pity them—pity their poor victims. They owe a debt to society. They should pay for their crimes. And keep paying.

If there were 10 times as many parole officers as there are—and if they were all as good as a few of our parole officers are, and if they could carry 10 times the load these men and women are now carrying—which is already too great—and if these parole officers could have just a little more training and occasionally a little encouragement from the judges, a little assistance from psychiatric clinics or other behavioral scientists, above all if they could have a little more appreciation from the public for what they do—well, this is one of the biggest combinations of "ifs" imaginable. But if all these "ifs" could be, these indefatigable but inconspicuous friends and guides of former prisoners might turn the tide. But at the present time they are swamped.

VI. Conclusions

The Seven Steps-Freedom House plan tries to enlist former prisoners to help one another and also to win the support and sponsorship of Big Brother friends in the outside world. The idea of helping one another is based on the similar principle in Alcoholics Anonymous, which has been so successful. I think it will be successful here, too.

The rapid growth of the Freedom House idea and the Seven Steps Program, which is only one of several projects having a similar aim, indicates the great need for proper post-prison support of these men whom we have ruined—perhaps not quite ruined, but severely damaged. For the prison is not merely inefficient and vastly expensive, not merely a source of a false sense of reassurance to the public—it is a vicious, degrading, destroying, expensive juggernaut which society keeps in its back yard like some extravagant Roman nobleman keeping pet lions to harass his "lazy" slaves.

The architects of the prevailing system knew nothing about modern science, their notion of controlling human behavior was based entirely on various forms and degrees of force. They did not think in terms of changing the individual but only in terms of intimidating him and—if necessary—making good the official threats of retaliating harm. But science has uncovered facts not known to our ancestors—the authors of this system. We know better. And so, again, why do we continue this obsolete system? Does not the public care—even the intelligent public?

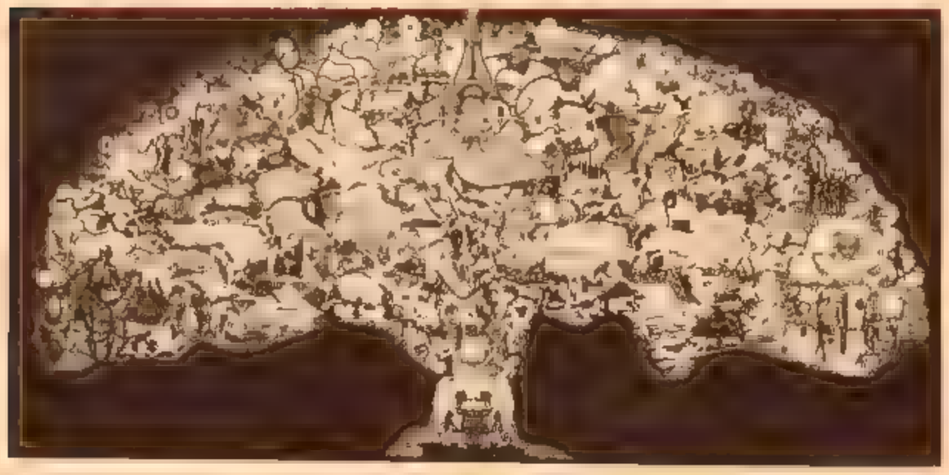
Time and time and time again somebody shouts about our present sorry system and its failures, just as I am shouting now. The President shouts. J. Edgar Hoover shouts. The magazines shout. The newspapers shout. They shout that the situation is bad, bad, bad, and getting worse, that we should replace obsolete procedures with scientific methods. But do we?

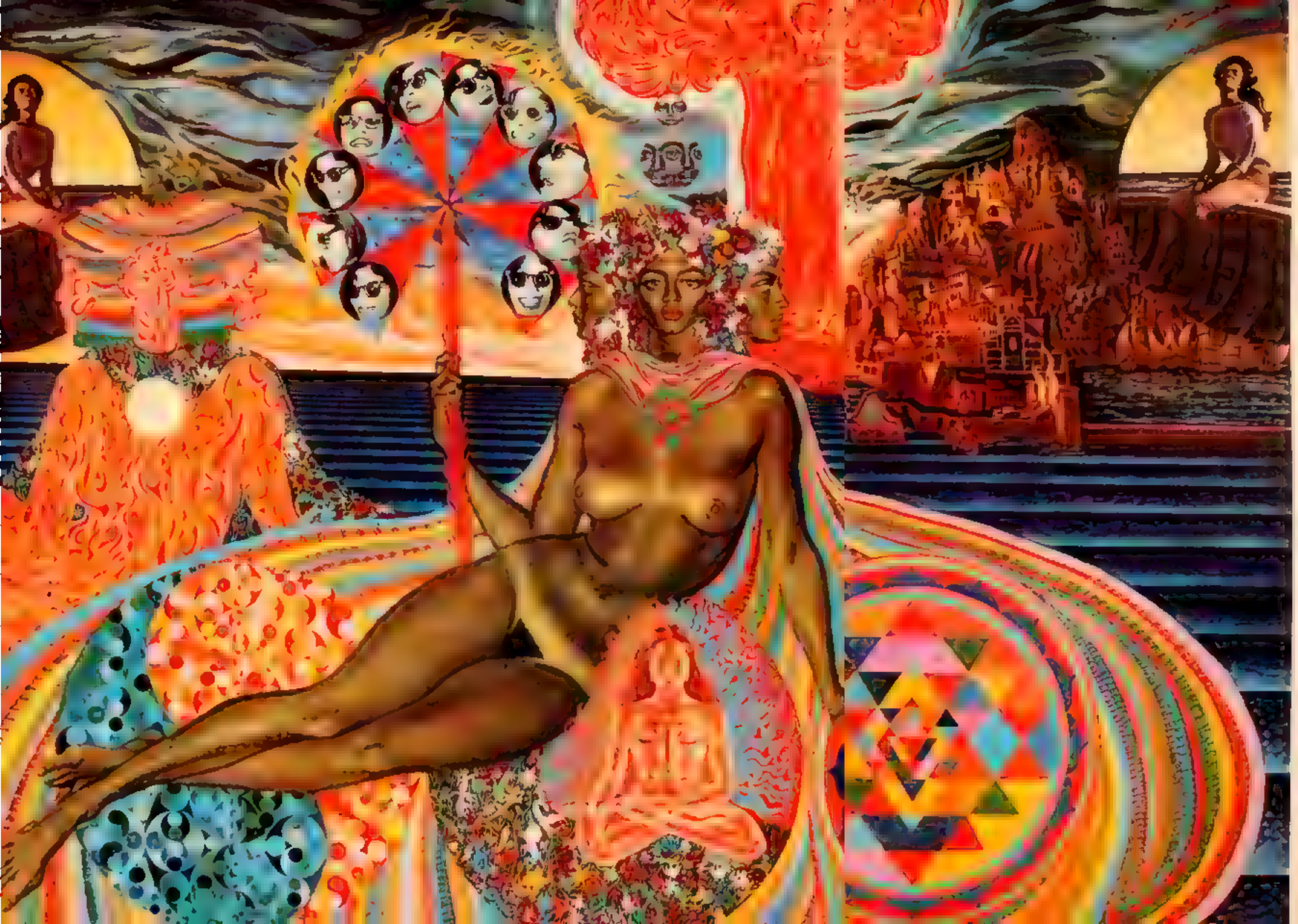
It is not just psychiatrists who have thus cried in the wilderness, unheeded. The voices of progressive penologists have been loud and clear. Leading jurists, wardens, psychologists, sociologists, and intelligent police chiefs are begging for better tools and methods. Even occasional governors, mayors, and congressmen are to be heard. And recently the President of the United States, in a message to Congress, suggested measures which might help to curb the increasing incidence of crime.

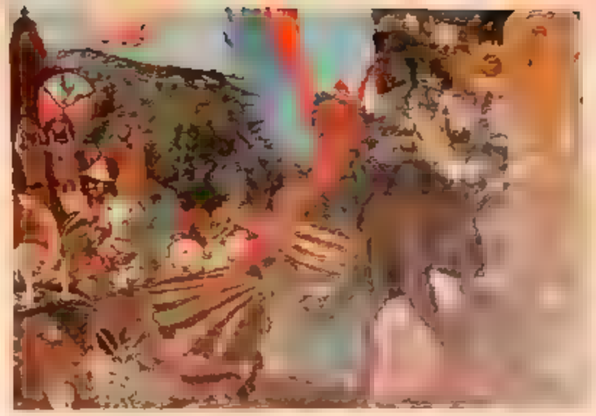
Associate Justice Brennan of the United States Supreme Court does not shout. He is encouraged by something he sees. Recently he said quietly, "We may be at the threshold of a major re-examination of the premises which underlie our system for the administration of criminal justice."

Let us hope he is right.

The First Church of Love







Amen!

THE TAMING OF DENISE GONDELMAN

On this particular morning, when I awoke, there was a girl propped on one elbow in the bed beside me, no great surprise, because this was the year of all the years in my life when I was scoring three and four times a week, literally combing the pussy out of my hair, which was no great feat if one knew the Village and the scientific temperament of the Greenwich Village mind. I do not want to give the false impression that I was one of the lustiest to come adventuring down the pike. What it came down to was that I could go an hour with the average girl without destroying more of the vital substance than a good night's sleep could repair, and since that sort of stamina seems to get advertised, and I had my good looks, my blond hair, my height, build, and bullfighting school, I suppose I became one of the Village equivalents of an Eagle Scout badge for the girls. I was one of the credits needed for a diploma in the sexual humanities, I was par for a good course, and more than one of the girls and ladies would try me on an off-evening like comparison-shoppers to shop the value of their boy friend, lover, mate, or husband against the certified professionalism of Sergius O'Shaugnessy.

BY NORMAN MAILER

But when you screw too much and nothing is at stake, you begin to feel like a saint. It was a hell of a thing to be holding a nineteen-year-old girl's ass in my hands, hefting those young kneadables of future power, while all the while the laboratory technician in my brain was deciding that the experiment was a routine success—routine because her cheeks looked and felt just about the way I had thought they would while I was sitting beside her in the bar earlier in the evening, and so I still had come no closer to understanding my scientific compulsion to verify in the retort of the bed how accurately I had predicted the form, texture, rhythm and surprise of any woman who caught my eye.

Only an ex-Catholic can achieve some of the rarer amalgams of go it, and the saint in me deserves to be recorded. I always felt an obligation—some noblesse oblige of the kindly cocksman—to send my women away with no great wounds to their esteem, feeling at best a little better than when they came in. I was the messiah of the one-night stand, and so I rarely acted like a pig in bed. I wasn't greedy, I didn't grind all my tastes into their mouths. I even abstained from springing too good a lay when I felt the girl was really in love with her man, and was using me only to give love the benefit of new perspective. Yes, I was a good sort. I probably gave more than I got back. But I would awaken in the mornings with the deadliest of depressions, the smell of the woman had gone very stale for me, and the armpits, the ammonias and dead sea life of old semen and old snatch, the sour fry of last night's sweat, the whore scent of over exercised perfume, became an essence of the odious, all the more remarkable because I clung to women in my sleep.

The saint was given his hour of temptation, for I would have liked nothing more than to kick the friendly ass out of bed and dispense with the coffee, the good form, my depression and often hers, and start the new day by lowering her in a basket out of my monk-ruined retreat six floors down to the garbage pile (now blooming again in the freshets of spring), wave my hand at her safe landing and get in again myself to the blessed isolations of the man alone.

However, to open a girl up to the point where she loves you or it or some tremor in her sexual baggage and then to close her in the morning is to do the disservice which the hateful side of women loves most—you have fed their cold satisfied distrust of a man. Therefore my saint fought his private churl, and suffering all the detail of abusing the sympathetic nervous system, I made with the charm in the daylight and was more of a dear than most.

It was to be a little different this morning, however. As I said, I turned over in my bed, and looked at the girl propped on her elbow beside me. In her eyes there was a flat hatred which gave no ground—she must have been staring like this at my back for several minutes, and when I turned, it made no difference. she continued to examine my face with no embarrassment and no delight.

That was sufficient to roll me around again, my shoulder blades bare to her inspection, and I pretended that the opening of my eyes had been a false awakening. I felt deadened then with all the diseases of the dull—making love to her the night before had been a little too much of a marathon.

She was a Jewish girl, was Denise—for Denise Goodelman was indeed her name—and she was in her third year at New York University, one of those harsh alloys of a self-made bohemian from a middle-class home (her father was a hardware wholesaler), and I was remembering how her voice had irritated me each time I had seen her, an ugly New York accent with a cultured overlay. She was medium in size and she had short dark hair which she wore like a Village witch, in a kind of free form, sprawling, tangled, and greedily alive, and she had a long thin nose, dark eyes, and a kind of lean force, her arms and square shoulders had shown the flat thin muscles of a wiry boy. All the same, she was not bad, she had a kind of Village chic, a certain snotty elegance of superiority, and when I first came to New York I had dug girls like her—Jewesses were strange to me—and I had even gone with one for a few months. But this new chick had been a mistake—I had met her two weeks ago at a party, she was on leave from her boy friend, and we had had an argument about T. S. Eliot, a routine which for me had become the quintessence of corn. Her college-girl snobbery so inflamed the avenger of my crotch, that I wanted to prong her then and there, right on the floor of the party. She was a woman, she didn't know if she could handle me, and she had the guts to decide to find out. So we left the party and we drank and she drained the best half of my desire in conversation because she was being psychoanalyzed, what a predictable pisser! and she was in that stage where the jargon had the totalitarian force of all vocabularies of mechanism, and she could only speak of her infantile relations to men, and the fixations and resistances of unassimilated penis-envy with all the smug gusto of a female commissar. She was enthusiastic about her analyst, he was really an integrated guy, Stanford Joyce, he belonged to the same mountain as Eliot.

"You must get good marks in school," I said to her.

"Of course."

How I envied the jazzed-up brain of the Jews. I was hot for her again, I wanted the salts of her perspiration in my mouth. They would be acrid perhaps, but I would digest them and those intellectual molecules would rise to my brain.

"I know a girl who went to your bullfighting school," she said to me. She gave her harsh laugh. "My friend thought you were afraid of her. She said you were full of narcissistic anxieties."

"Well, we'll find out," I said.

"Oh, you don't want me. I'm very inadequate as a lover." Her dark hard New York eyes, bright with appetite, considered my head as if I were a delicious and particularly sour pickle.

I paid the check then, and we walked over to my loft. As I had expected, she made no great fuss over the back-and-forth of being seduced to the contrary. Once we were upstairs, she prowled the length of my loft twice, looked at the hand-made bullfighting equipment I had set up along one wall of the studio and then came back to the living-room bedroom dining room kitchen of the other room, and made a face at the blood-red wall. When I kissed her she answered with a grinding insistence of her mouth upon mine and a muscular thrust of her tongue into my throat as direct and unfeminine as the harsh force of her voice.

"I'd like to hang my clothes up," she said.

There was nothing very fleshy about the way she made love, no sense of the skin, nor smell, nor touch, just anger, anger at her being there, and another anger which was good for my own, that rage to achieve just what, one cannot say. She made love as if she were running up an inclined wall so steep that to stop for an instant would slide her back to disaster. She hammered her rhythm at me, a hard driving rhythm, an all but monotonous drum, and I remembered how, at the party, all through the talk about T. S. Eliot I had been calculating how I would lay waste to her little independence, and now she was alone, with me astride her going through her paces, teeth biting the pillow, head turned away, using me as the dildo of a private gallop. So my rage came back, and my rhythm no longer depended upon her drive, but found its own life, and we made love like two club fighters in an open exchange, neither giving ground, rhythm to rhythm, even to even, hypnotic, knowing neither the pain of punishment nor the pride of pleasure, and the equality of this, as hollow as the beat of the drum, seemed to carry her into some better deep of desire, and I had broken through, she was following me, her muscular body writhed all about me with an impersonal abandon, the wanton whip-thrash of a wounded snake. she was on fire and frozen at the same time, and then her mouth was kissing me with a rubbery greedy compulsion so avid to use all there was of me, that to my distant surprise, not in character for the saint to slip into the brutal, my hand came up and chipped her mean and openhanded across the face which brought a cry from her and broke the piston of her hard speed into something softer, wetter, more sly, more warm, I felt as if her belly were opening finally to receive me, and when her mouth kissed me again with a passing tender heat, warm-odored with flesh, and her body sweetened into some feminine embrace of my determination driving its way into her, well, I was gone, it was too late, I had driven right past her in that moment she turned, and I had begun to come, I was coming from all the confluences of my body toward that bud of sweetness I had plucked from her, and for a moment she was making it she was a move back and surging to overtake me, and then it was gone she made a mistake, her will ordered all temptings and rhythms to mobilize their march, she drove into the hard stupidities of a marching-band's step, and I was going off in the best for many a month, she was merely going away, she had lost it again. As I ebbed into what should have been the contentments of a fine afterpleasure, warm and fine, there was one little part of me remaining cold and murderous because she had deprived me, she had fled the domination which was liberty for her, and the rest of the night was bound to be hell.

Her face was ugly. "You're a bastard, do you know that?"

"Let it go. I feel good."

"Of course you feel good. Couldn't you have waited one minute?"

I disliked this kind of thing. My duty was reminding me of how her awakened sweets were souring now in the belly and her nerves were sharpening into the gone electric of being just nowhere.

"I hate inept men," she said.

"Cool it." She could, at least, be a lady. Because if she didn't stop, I would give her back a word or two.

"You did that on purpose," she nagged at me, and I was struck with the intimacy of her rancor—we might as well have been married for ten years to dislike each other so much at this moment.

"Why," I said, "you talk as if this were something unusual for you."

"It is."

"Come on," I told her, "you never made it in your life."

"How little you know," she said. "This is the first time I've missed in months."

If she had chosen to get my message, I could have been preparing now for a good sleep. Instead I would have to pump myself up again—and as if some ghost of the future had the squeak of a tickle on my back, I felt an odd dread, not for tonight so much as for some tils of the next ten years whose first life was stirring tonight. But I lay beside her, drew her body against mine, feeling her trapped and irritable heats jangle me as much as they roused me, and while I had no fear that the avenger would remain asleep, still he stirred in pain and in protest, he had supposed his work to be done, and he would claim the wages of overtime from my reserve. That was the way I thought it would go, but Junior from New York University, with her hard body and her passion for proper poetry, gave a lewd angry old grin as her face stared boldly into mine, and with the practical bawdiness of the Jew she took one straight ut btarian finger scaled a deceptive girlish pride, and then she jabbed fingernail and all, into the tight defended core of my clenched buttocks. One wiggle of her knuckle and I threw her off, grunting a sound between rage and surprise, to which she laughed and lay back and waited for me.

Well, she had been right, that finger tipped the balance. I worked on her like a beaver for forty-odd minutes or more, slapping my tail to build her nest, and she worked along while we made the round of the positions, her breath sobbing the exertions, her body as alive as a charged wire and as far from rest.

I gave her all the Time I had in me and more besides, I was weary of her, and the smell which rose from her had so little of the sea and so much of the armpit, that I breathed the stubborn walls of the gymnasium where the tight-muscled search for grace, and it was like that, a hard punishing session with pulley weights, stationary bicycle sprints, and ten breath-seared laps around the track. Yes, when I caught that smell, I knew she would not make it, and so I kept on just long enough to know she was exhausted in body, exhausted beyond the place where a ten-minute rest would have her jabbing that finger into me again, and hating her hating women who could not take their exercise alone, I lunged up over the hill with my heart pounding past all pleasure, and I came, but with hatred, tight, electric, and empty. the spasms powerful but centered in my heart and not from the hip. the avenger taking its punishment even at the end, jolted clear to the seat of my semen by the succession of rhythmic blows which my heart drummed back to my feet.

For her, getting it from me, it must have been impressive, a convoluted, smashing, and protracted spasm, a hint of the death throe in the animal mate which cannot but please the feminine taste for the mortal wound. "Oh, you're lucky," she whispered in my ear as I lay all collapsed beside her.

"Want a cigarette?" she asked.

There was something tired in her voice beyond the fatigue of what she had done. She too had lost after all. So I came out of my second rest to look at her, and her face had the sad relaxation (and serenity) of a young whore who has finished a hard night's work, content with no more than the money and the professional sense of the hard job dutifully done.

"I'm sorry you didn't make it," I said to her.

She shrugged. There was a Jewish tolerance for the expected failures of the flesh. "Oh, well, I tried to you before," she said.

"You never have been able to, have you?"

"No." She was fingering the muscles of my shoulder as if in unconscious competition with my strength. "You're pretty good," she said grudgingly.

"Not really inept?" I asked.

"*Sans leçons*," said the poetess in an archange of mood which irritated me. "Sandy has been illuminating those areas where my habits make for destructive impulses."

"Sandy is Doctor Joyce?" She nodded. "You make him sound like your navigator."

I told her

"Isn't it a little obvious to be hostile to psychoanalysis?"

Three minutes ago we had been belaboring each other in the nightmare of the last round, and now we were close to cozy. I put the sole of my foot on her sharp little knee

"You know the first one we had?" she asked of me. "Well, I wanted to tell you. I came close. I guess I came as close as I ever came"

"You'll come closer. You're only nineteen."

"Yes, but this evening has been disturbing to me. You see I get more from you than I get from Arthur, my lover. Although," she said, "you are a phallic narcissist, so there's an element of the sensual which is lacking in you."

"I wouldn't know what you mean."

"I mean this." With the rich cruel look of a conquistador finding a new chest of Indian gold, she bent her head and gave one fleeting satiric half-moon of a lick to the conjugation of my balls. "That's what I mean," she said, and was out of bed even as I was recognizing that she was finally not without art. "Come back," I said

But she was putting her clothes on in a hurry. "Shut up. Just don't give me your goddammed superiority."

So I lay in bed and laughed at her while she dressed. She took her leisure going to the door, and I got up in time to tell her to wait—I would walk her to the subway. The dawn had come, however, and she wanted to go alone, she had had a bellyful of me, she could tell me that. She compromised by giving me her address and the number of her telephone. And then glaring at me from the open door, she said, "I owe you a slap in the face."

"Don't go away feeling unequal."

I might have known she would have a natural punch. My jaw felt it for half an hour after she was gone and it took another thirty minutes before I could bring myself back to concluding that she was one funny kid.

All of that added up to the first night with the commissar. The second time we made love we were both hoping for more, and so got less, the third time, we each came on with the notion to wind it up, and so got involved in more.

There was a quality about her I could not locate, something independent—abruptly, right there, I knew what it was. In a year she would have no memory of me, I would not exist for her unless . . . and then it was clear . . . unless I could be the first to carry her stone of no-orgasm up the cliff all the way over and out into the sea. That was the kick I could find, that a year from now, five years from now, down all the seasons to the hours of her old age, I would be the one she would be forced to remember and it would nourish me a little over the years, thinking of that grudged souvenir which could not die in her, my blond hair, my blue eyes, my small broken nose, my clean mouth and chin, my height, my boxer's body, my parts: yes, I was getting excited at the naked image of me in the young-old mind of that sour sexed up dynamo of black-pussed frustration.

Experience gave me the cue that there were ladies who would not be moved an inch by a year of the best, and so I looked for other things in them, but this one, this Den-of-Ease, she was ready. she was entering the time of her Time, and if not me, it would be another—I was sick in advance at the picture of some bearded Negro cat who would score where I had missed and thus cuckold me in spirit, deprive me of those telepathic waves of longing (in which I obviously believed) speeding away to me from her over the years to balm the hours when I was beat, because I had been her psychic bridegroom, had plucked her ideational diddle, had led her down the walk of her real wedding night. Since she did not like me, what a feat to pull it off

She arrived for this third assault on her psychic hymen at about eleven p.m. I gave her the first kiss of the evening. Her mouth was heated: it was the best kiss I had received from her, and it brought me on too quickly. "My fruit is ready to be plucked," said the odors of her mouth, betraying that perfume of the ducts which, against her will, no doubt, had been plumping for me. She was changed tonight. From the skin of her face and the glen of her neck came a new smell, sweet, sweaty, and tender: the smell of a body which had been used and had enjoyed its uses. It came to me nicely, one of the nicest smells in quite some time, so different from the usual exudations of her dissatisfied salts that it opened a chain of reflexes in me, and I was off in all good speed on what Denise would probably have called the vertical foreplay. As I gripped her, grasped her, groped her, my breath a bellows to blow her into my own flame, her body remained unmoving, only her mouth answering my call, those lips bridling hot adolescent kisses back upon my face, the smell, almost carrying me away—such a fine sweet sweat.

Naturally she clipped the rhythm. As I started to slip up her sweater, she got away and said a little huskily. "I'll take my own clothes off." Once again I could have hit her. I glumly contemplated the congestion of my spirits in the coils of each testis. They would have to wait, turn rancid, maybe die of delay.

Off came the sweater and the needless brassiere, her economical breasts swelled just a trifle tonight, enough to take on the convexities of an Amazon's armor. Open came the belt and the zipper of her dungarees, zipped from the front which pleased her not a little. Only her ass, a small masterpiece, and her strong thighs, justified this theatre. She stood there naked, quite psychically clothed, and lit a cigarette.

If a stiff prick has no conscience, it has also no common sense. I stood there like a clown, trying to coax her to take a ride with me on the bawdy car she cut of her clothes. I'm all of mine, a muscular little mermaid to meet on my knee. She laughed, one harsh banker's snort: she was giving no loans on my idiot's collateral.

"You didn't even ask me," Denise thought to say, "of how my studying went tonight."

"What did you study?"

"I didn't. I didn't study." She gave me a lovely smile, girlish and bright. "I just spent the last three hours with Arthur."

"You're a dainty type," I told her.

But she gave me a bad moment. That lovely flesh-spent smell, scent of the well used and the tender that avatar of the feminine my senses had accepted so greedily, came down now to no more than the rubbings and the sweats of what was probably a very nice guy, passive Arthur with his Jewish bonanzas of mouth-love.

The worst of it was that it quickened me more. I had the selfish wisdom to throw such evidence upon the mercy of my own court. For the smell of Arthur was the smell of love, at least for me, and so from man or woman, it did not matter—the smell of love was always feminine—and if the man in Denise was meeted by the woman in Arthur, so Arthur might have flowered that woman in himself from the arts of a real woman, his mother? it did not matter—that voiceless message which passed from the sword of the man into the cavern of the woman was carried along from body to body, and if it was not the woman in Denise I was going to find tonight, at least I would be warmed by the previous trace of another.

But that was a tone poem to quiet the toads of my doubt. When Denise—it took five more minutes—finally decided to expose herself on my clumped old mattress, the sight of her black pubic hair, the feel of the foreign but brotherly liquids in her embarrassed maw turned me into a jackrabbit of pissy tumescence, and I wasn't with her a half-minute before I was over gone, and off I rode not with the strength to reap the harem of her and her lover, but spit like a pinched little boy up into black forested hills of motherly contempt, a passing picture of the nuns of my childhood to drench my piddle spurtings with failures of gloom. She it was who proved stronger than me she the he to my silly she.

And then I could sense that the woman in her was about to betray her victory. She sat over me, her little breasts budding with their own desire, her dark hair alive and flowering, her mouth ready to taste her gentleman's defeat, I had only to raise my hand, and push her body in the direction she wished it to go, and then her face was rooting in me, her angry tongue and voracious mouth going wild finally as I had wished it, and I knew the sadness of sour timing, because this was a prize I could not enjoy as I would have on the first night, and yet it was good enough—not art, not the tease and languor of love on a soft mouth but therapy, therapy for her, the quick exhaustions of the tension in a harsh throat. The act served its purpose, anger traveled from her body into mine. the avenger came to attention, cold and furious, indifferent to the trapped doomed pleasure left behind in my body on that initial and grim piddle spurt, and I was ready, not with any joy nor softness nor warmth nor care, but I was ready finally to take her tonight. I was going to beat new Time out of her if beat her I must, I was going to teach her that she was only a child, because if at last I could not take care of a nineteen-year-old, then I was gone indeed. And so I took her with a cold calculation, the rhythms of my body corresponding to no more than a metronome in my mind, tonight the driving mechanical beat would come from me, and hand to nerve-ruddings in my body, and blood pressures in my brain, I worked on her like a riveter knowing her resistances were made of steel, I threw her a fuck the equivalent of a fifteen-round fight, I wearied her, I brought her back, I drove my fingers into her shoulders and my knees into her hips. I went, and I went, and I went. I bore her high and thumped her hard, I sprinted, I paced, I lay low, eyes all closed, under sexual water, like a submarine listening for the distant sound of her ship's motors, hoping to steal up close and trick her rhythms away.

And she was close. Oh, she was close so much of the time. Like a child on a merry-go-round the touch of the colored ring just evaded the tips of her touch, and she heaved and she hurdled, arched and cried, clawed me, kissed me, even gave a shriek once, and then her sweats running down and her will weak, exhausted even more than me, she felt me leave and lie beside her. Yes, I did that with a tactician's cunning, I let the depression of her failure poison what was left of her will never to let me succeed. Then, just as she was beginning to fret against me in a new and unwilling appeal, I turned her over suddenly on her belly, my avenger wild with the mania of the madman, and giving her no chance, holding her prone against the mattress with the strength of my weight, I drove into the seat of all stubbornness, tight as a vise, and I wounded her. I knew it, she thrashed beneath me like a trapped little animal, making not a sound, but fierce not to allow me this last of the liberties, and yet caught, forced to give up mile meter by mile meter the bridal ground of her symbolic and therefore real vagina. So I made it. I made it all the way. It took ten minutes and maybe more, but as the avenger rode down to his hilt and tunneled the threshold of sexual home, all those inches closer into the bypass of the womb, she gave at last a little cry of farewell, and I could feel a new shudder which began as a ripple and rolled into a wave, and then it rolled over her, carrying her along, me hardly moving for fear of damping this quake from her earth, and then it was gone, but she was left alive with a larger one to follow.

So I turned her once again on her back and moved by impulse to love's first hole. There was an odor coming up, hers at last, the smell of the sea, and none of the armpit or a dirty sock, and I took her mouth and kissed it, but she was away, following the wake of her own waves which mounted, fell back, and in new momentum mounted higher and should have gone over, and then she was about to bang again, I could feel it, that moment of hesitation between the past and the present, the habit and the adventure, and I said into her ear, "You dirty little Jew."

That whipped her over. A first wave kissed, a second spilled, and a third and a fourth and a fifth came breaking over and finally she was away: she was loose in the water for the first time in her life, and I would have liked to go with her, but I was blood-throttled and numb, and as she had the first big moment in her life, I was nothing but a set of aching balls and a congested cock, and I rode with her wistfully, looking at the contortion of her face and listening to her sobbing sound of "Oh, Jesus, I made it, oh Jesus I did."

She curled against me, she kissed my sweat, she puzzled my eyes and murmured in my ear, and then she was slipping away into the nicest of weary sweet sleep.

"Was it good for you too?" she whispered half-awake, having likewise read the works of The Hemingway, and I said, "Yeah, fine," and after she was asleep, I disengaged myself carefully and prowled the loft, accepting the hours it would take for my roded back to clean its fatigues and know a little sleep. But I had abused myself too far, and it took till dawn and half a fifth of whiskey before I dropped into an unblessed stupor.

I awoke to find her glaring at me and made believe I was returning to sleep, while a dread of the next few minutes weighed a leaden breath over the new skin of my ego.

"You're awake, aren't you?" she said.

I made no answer.

"All right, I'm going then. I'm getting dressed." She whipped out of bed, grabbed her clothes, and began to put them on. "That was a lousy thing you did last night," she said by way of a start.

In truth she looked better than she ever had. The severe lady and the tough little girl of yesterday's face had put forth the first agreements on what would yet be a bold chick.

"I gave you what you could use," I made the mistake of saying.

"Just didn't you," she said, and was on her way to the door. "Well cool it. You don't do anything to me." Then she smiled. "You're so impressed with what you think was such a marvelous notch you made in me. Listen, Buster, I came here last night thinking of what Sandy Joyce told me about you, and he's right, oh man is he right." Standing in the open doorway, she started to light a cigarette, and then threw the matches to the floor. From thirty feet away I could see the look in her eyes, that unmistakable point for the kill you find in the eyes of very few bullfighters, and then having created her pause, she came on for her moment of truth by saying, "He told me your whole life is a lie, and you do nothing but run away from the homosexual that is in you."

And like a real killer, she did not look back, and was out the door before I could rise to tell her that she was a hero fit for me.

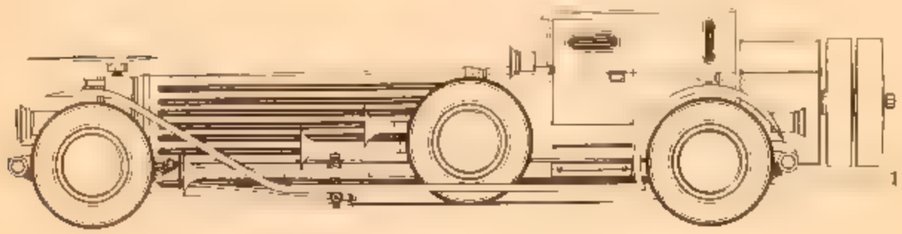
Francois Dallegret, Tom Swift of art, souped up the zodiac

In the head of 29-year-old Francois Dallegret hums one of the most ingenious minds in art today. A Frenchman born in Morocco (where his father was an engineer with the Trans-Sahara Railway) and currently living in Montreal, Dallegret studied architecture and mathematics in Paris. He did not so much abandon these disciplines for art as drag them kicking and screaming into the service of a muse half Prometheus, half Harpo Marx. His mixture of fancy and draftsmanship puts him in a line with the great eccentric visionaries of history — a sort of Hieronymus Bosch at the drawing board.

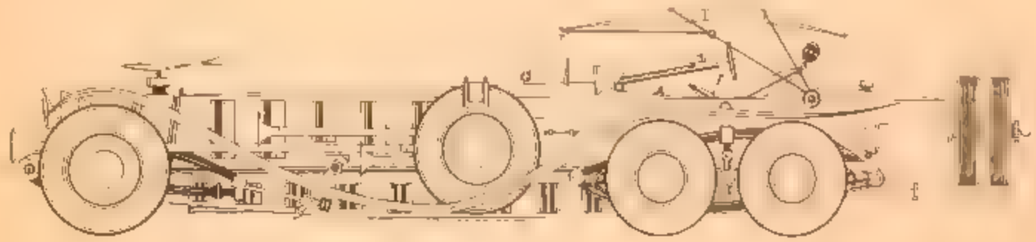
Dallegret has drawn these astrological autos to signal the start of a personal crusade to humanize the products and techniques of modern industry. These cars constitute, as it were, a marriage made in heaven between technical know-how and the heart's desire. Dallegret has also designed everything from a rocket for firing a whole city to Mars, to an actual operating "superdrugstore" in Montreal. His chosen title "ACD Aesthetic" is a typical synthesis, which, by the way, has no relation to LSD. He regards his own God-given ideas as quite psychedelic enough! ACD is the acronym of the Association of Canadian Industrial Designers, of which Dallegret is a member in good, if not ordinary, standing.

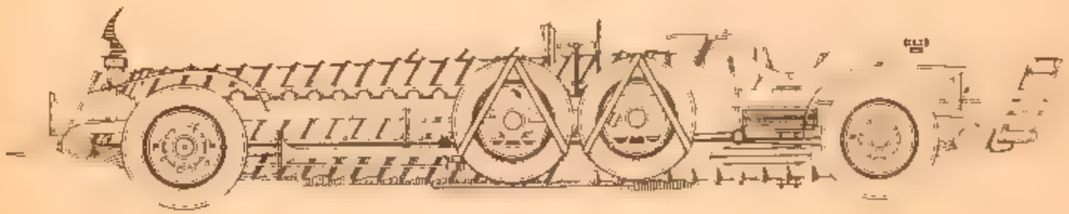
No great bear ever in the zodiac, Dallegret sees his sign, Libra, as a celestial Hub. Dark and anything but indecisive, he'd probably feel most at home in Capricorn. On second thought, he might rate a new sign of his own — a T-square with a harp, maybe, or Icarus packing a parachute.

Under **Capricorn (Dec. 22–Jan. 20)** stand the priests and ambassadors. Those of reserved and suspicious mien. For them is this spooky jet-black phaeton in polished steel with a body of lead-dead device in which to flee the society of men.



Pisces (Feb. 20–Mar. 20) [illegible] help. For all his sweetness and [illegible] the chrysanthemum teeth many [illegible] fattening [illegible] under.

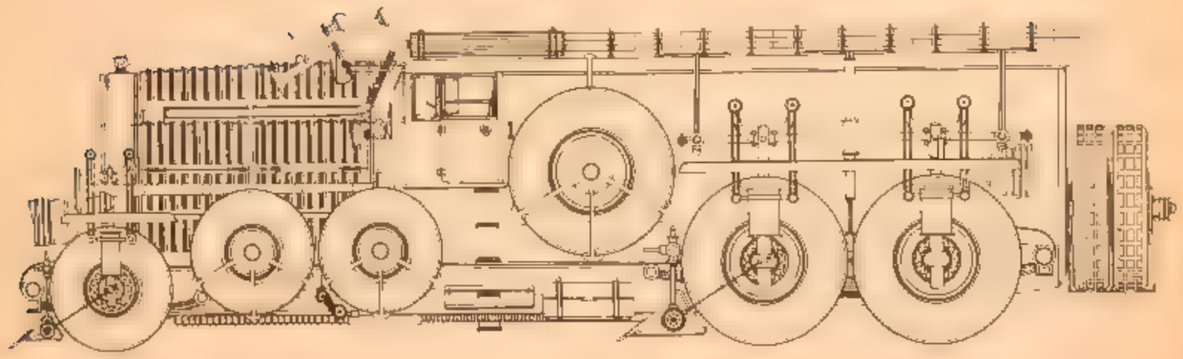


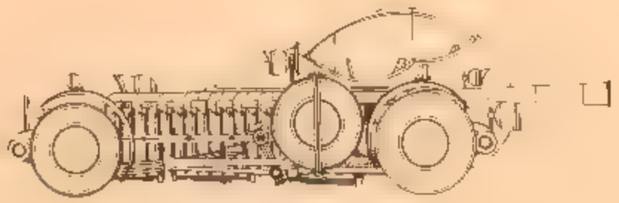


Lucky **Aquarius! (Jan. 21–Feb. 19)** The likeable forward-looking man with his bent for science and flair for the brilliant effect is granted a sleek beauty graded round with uranium. The window glass is tinted electric blue.

What warrior of an **Aries (Mar. 21–Apr. 20)** wouldn't yearn for it, not behind the wheel of this lethal [illegible] machine? Made of solid [illegible] and sprinkled with amethysts carved out through slatted [illegible] like daggers through butter

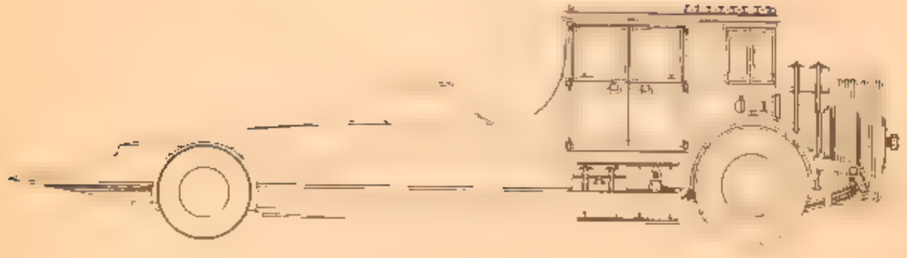
The sphere of **Taurus (Apr. 21—May 21)** takes in the tough phlegmatic builders and producers of the world. Dallegret [illegible] them with [illegible] of this diesel [illegible] juggernaut before an [illegible] on and no brakes [illegible]

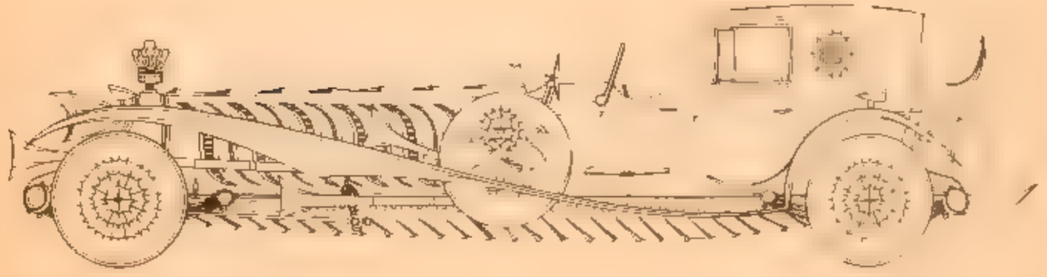




Your **Gemini (May 22—June 21)** person is likely an egocentric artist or inventor forever on the go. Dallegret caters to his wanderlust with this double quicksilver-plated Pie buggy and to his vanity by thoughtfully placing the cramped passenger seat to the rear of the driver's

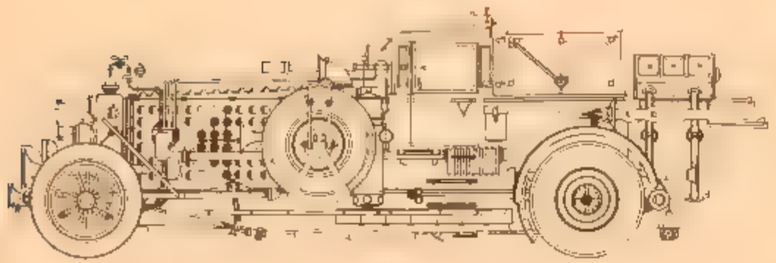
Poor **Cancer (June 22—July 23)** [illegible]

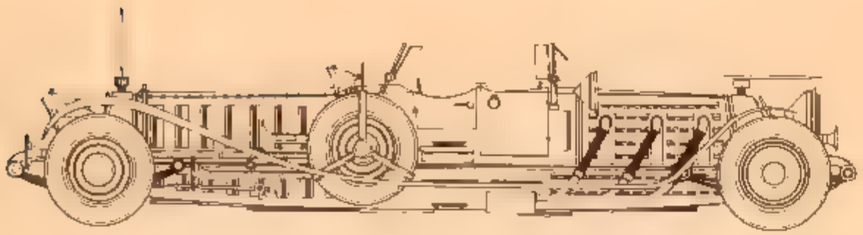




If you're a **Leo (July 24—Aug. 23)** you'd like [illegible] be king but might settle for the presidency. For this sign of [illegible] ramp and power Built to your modest [illegible] scale of [illegible] rating pinhour [illegible] zircon mink and heaten gold

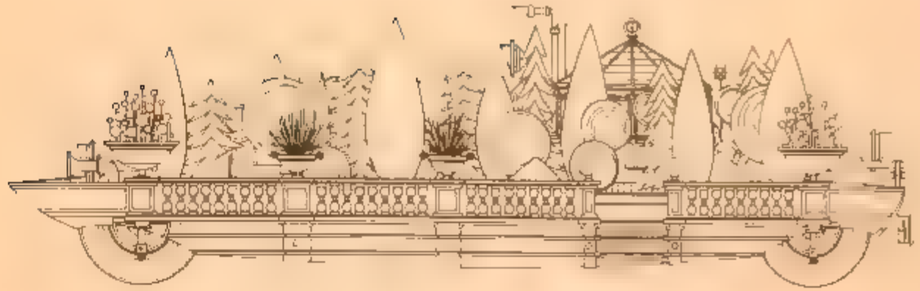
Open the head of a **Virgo (Aug. 24—Sept. 23)** and you find

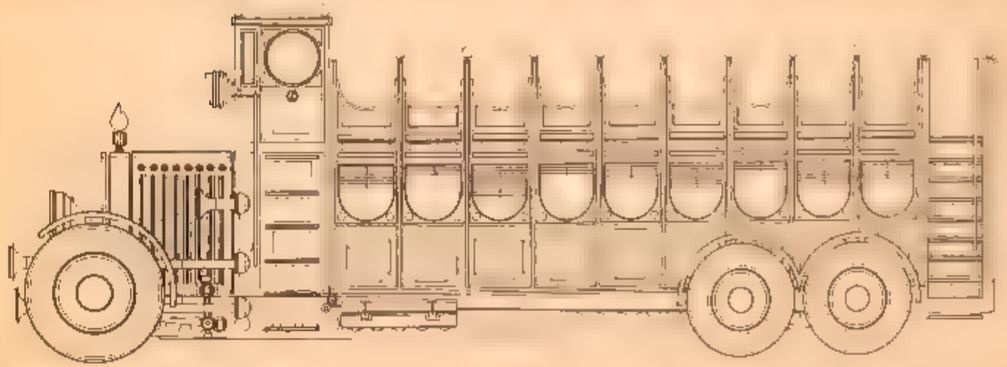




he beleaguered **Libra (Sept. 24—Oct. 23)** man is well-balanced
to the verge of tragic flow. Admirably just and sympathetic,
he simply cannot make up his mind. But there's Dalegret to the rescue
with a car that can go in either direction.

Scorpio (Oct. 24—Nov. 22) should





there's one thing ego
Sagittarius (Nov. 23—Dec. 21)
According ly, Dalegret allows him to at least family friends a
chamber orchestra and the local Kiwanis

Prolegomena to a Study of Traditional Elements in the Erotic Film

BY [redacted]

Perhaps the word "Erotic" in my title is somewhat misleading, in that it is generally applicable to a broad range of sexual and amatory matters. When I speak of the erotic film I am not referring to that genre of the art cinema dealing with sexual matters in either a straightforwardly frank or an abstract manner (although I might note parenthetically that this is an area deserving of study), nor am I referring to those second- and third-rate popular productions known as "nudies," which generally are composed of relatively equal proportions of thin plots, female nudity or partial nudity, and burlesque comedy. Rather I am speaking of those thoroughly illegal pornographic productions usually known as "stag films" or, I am told, among the college fraternity crowd as "skin flicks."

Erotica always has been quick to assimilate and make use of technological advances, and its cruder relative, pornography, has not been far behind. The development of true photographic processes began about 1840, and there are in existence pseudo-artistic daguerreotypes dating back at least to 1850, and pictures of frank sexual activity almost as old. Motion picture techniques were developed in the 1890's, and in his volume *L'erotisme au cinema II* Lo Duca includes shots from an 1896 film, "Le Bain," featuring Louise Willy and shots from Fatima's dance at the Chicago Exposition of 1896. In his *A History of Eroticism* Lo Duca points out with illustrations how early film companies like Pathé carried spicy productions in their catalogs. He notes, too, a pornographic film, "The Voyeur," dating from 1907. The oldest frankly pornographic film in the collection of the Institute for Sex Research is "A Grass Sandwich" made in about 1915, whose relative smoothness of production shows clearly that experiments in the genre must have been carried on for some years before that time. This short film opens with an automobile drawing to a stop in a wooded area. The man driving it indicates to his two female companions to wait for him, and he goes into the woods to urinate. However the girls are curious, go to spy on him, and are at least titillated, if not somewhat excited by the sight. They in turn find it necessary to relieve themselves, and the man, who has become aware of their proximity, spies on them. Without further ado, he makes his advances, is accepted, and begins coital activity with one of the girls. The other watches with interest and soon indicates that she wants her share. The man turns his attention to the second girl and the film comes to a rather abrupt end. Here, already developed are many of the basic elements which make up the typical pornographic film: a simple but contrived situation to provide at least a motivation, sexual excitation of the female by visual means, comparatively rare in real life but a persistent theme in these films; a direct and rapid seduction, so direct and rapid that in many films it cannot properly be called a seduction at all; and finally, sexual activity, which of course is the focal point of the film.

On the basis of about 400 reels of film in the Institute for Sex Research, plus fairly extensive files on production, performance, and distribution, there appear to have been three peak periods of production of pornographic films: the mid-1920's, the few years just before World War II, and the present. Production picked up at the end of the war, experienced a sharp upswing in the early 1950's, and although leveling off somewhat has continued upward to the present time. It may be observed that there are a good many differences between films produced before World War II and those after. Earlier production appears to have been primarily the work of what we might call the professionals, purveyors of sex, that is, houses of prostitution, independent prostitutes, pimps, and the like. Many of the women are obviously prostitutes, either known as such or identified by their manner to be in all probability members of that ancient profession. They range in age from young to what we might generously call well into middle age, with the average running perhaps in the late twenties or early thirties. Their physical appearance runs the gamut from good to repelling, with most of them looking rather well used. The men are usually older, and the regular appearance of many of them indicates a more than casual connection with the women. Often their faces are not shown or else are disguised, often grotesquely. The settings are usually brothels or cheap hotels.

In the later productions, although the prostitute is still a reliable standby, there is a large proportion of girls for whom prostitution is probably a secondary or occasional and informal pursuit or who have no connection at all with the profession but participate for the sake of participation. They tend to be younger and much more attractive physically. The men, too, are much younger and frequently are handsome, clean-cut types. The settings are usually private homes or apartments.

[redacted] appear in a film in more than one [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

Mr. & Mrs. Brown go walking

GLASS
MIRRORS
Rockaways
Ybor

THE PRISON POEMS OF HO CHI MINH

Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh have more in common than their influence on Asian destinies. Both are poets, and superb ones, at that. This is generally known of Mao, whose poems appear in almost every collection of modern Chinese verse in any language, but not so generally known of Ho. In fact, hardly any information about this extraordinary man is common knowledge in America, though compared to Mao's myth-encased biography, his life is an open book. And knowledge of Ho is essential to the most elementary understanding of Vietnam.

For all their similarities, Mao and Ho are profoundly different men, and the difference is manifest in their poetry. Mao's poetry is rigorously classical, modeled on the great poets of the T'ang dynasty, especially on Tu Fu. A line here and there excepted, his poems could have been written at any time in the past thousand years, and his sensibility is scarcely to be distinguished from that of the scholar-statesmen of T'ang. Like them, he seems to look on politics, and life itself, as a kind of hard and devious chess game—an attitude reflected in the classic impersonality and intricate architecture of his verse. Nothing could be farther from the directness and simplicity of Ho's prison poems, nor from the humility and candor of his temperament.

Ho Chi Minh is one of the few Communist leaders who came from a genuinely poor family. He is also probably the only head of state today who was habitually summoned as "Boy!" in his youth and early manhood. Born in 1890 in the village of Kim Lien in central Vietnam, he somehow managed to enter the French lycée at Vinh and start a European-style education, but he was expelled, as a boy of 13, for "anti-French nationalist activities." On his own now, he worked for years as a mess boy on French vessels plying the Indian and Pacific oceans, mostly on the Africa runs, but he also managed to visit France, England, New York, and the West Coast of the United States. No other revolutionary leader, not even Trotsky, has had so much experience of so many different peoples, most of them colored members of the European empires. These early days conditioned Ho for life and shaped his political philosophy. He saw the colonial realms with his own eyes as one world of the insulted and injured.

During World War I Ho worked in London as a dishwasher and kitchen boy, afterwards moving to France where he lived among the thousands of Vietnamese imported by the French as cheap labor. There were about 100,000 of these men, living in virtual slavery, cruelly exploited, and viewing for the first time the Great White Masters in their native habitat. Their eyes were opened. From that moment the French Empire was doomed. It would take 30 years and another war, but millions of colored colonials met together and knew each other, and passed sentence.

Ho first appears in history in the days the French Socialist Party was debating whether to join the Third International, and his first recorded speech was made at the Tours Conference where the Socialists voted on that issue. Ho's position was simplicity itself. Who was unqualifiedly for the liberation of colonial peoples? Lenin. Who had developed a theory and practice of anti-imperialist struggle? Lenin. Which International was committed, without any hedging, to anti-imperialism? The Third! He spoke to great applause from the Left and to covert attack from the Right. The Party split, and from then on Ho was one of the leaders of the Comintern, an associate of the great Bolsheviks he had admired so much.

Through sheer strength of character, Ho never fell victim to hysteria and moral paralysis in the days of the worst Stalin terror. He remained always simple, direct, candid, and speaking as man-to-man, whether with the top bureaucrats of the Comintern or to mass meetings of Indo-Chinese workers and peasants. There was none of that disgusting, slightly insane servility before the name of Stalin characteristic of even the strongest-minded Bolsheviks during those bleak days. Nor is there at present any trace of the childish double-talk one finds in Mao's speeches and in the propaganda of the Great Cultural Revolution. If Ho is a hero to millions of Vietnamese, it is not for any mythic aura, but rather for the kind of everyday courage and candor he displays when he can tell his people, in even tones, "Most of your cities will be utterly destroyed by the enemy, and you may have to fight on for 20 years before victory is in sight."

It is this strength, tempered by a kind of Gandhian innocence, that shines through the plain language of Ho's Prison Poems. These poems were written in the course of a year (1942-43) of incredibly brutal imprisonment, after Ho, on a liaison mission to Chungking, was arrested by Chiang Kai-shek's border police and summarily charged with being a spy. Hauled from one stinking makeshift jail to another, subjected to unthinkable deprivations, disease, and random cruelty, he bent his mind to the writing of poetry—in Chinese, so as not to alarm his guards. These are not the poems one might expect from a man marked by destiny; they are simply the poems of a man in jail. He is a "freedom fighter," but so are all other prisoners. He never thinks of himself as a political prisoner, because he realizes that most prisoners are political prisoners. His view of history never dilutes the immediacy of his experience and the reality of lice, hunger, and human squalor. Then, too, there are the other impressions that have sustained prisoners in every century: Clouds wandering in the sky, the moon shining through a barred window.

INTRODUCTION AND TRANSLATION BY KENNETH REXROTH

PRISON POEMS BY

Hồ Chí Minh

FIRST PAGE OF MY JOURNAL

I've never been very
excited about poetry.

In prison
there's nothing better to do.

To pass the long days
and distract myself,

I write poems and wait for freedom.

ENTERING CH'ING SI PRISON

In the prison the old-timers
welcome the newcomers.

In the blue sky
white clouds chase away the storm.

In heaven
the clouds can wander freely.

A free man,
all alone, lies in the depths
of a prison cell.

PRISON JOURNAL

It is your body that's in prison.

Your spirt is not in prison.

If you are going to accomplish
your great task,

You've got to take
good care of your morale.

THE ROADS OF LIFE

1.
It was easy to cross the mountains.

It was easy to climb the peaks.

The level roads on the plain

Turned out to be harder to travel.

I met tigers in the mountains.

They didn't harm me.

I met a man on the plain

And he arrested me.

2.
I was a representative
of the new Vietnam

On a visit to the leaders
of a brother nation.

A storm like the waves of the ocean
overwhelmed me.

I found myself honored
with a prison cell.

3.
I am an honest man
with an untroubled conscience.

But they suspect me
of being a Chinese spy.

The roads of life
are always dangerous

But it is less easy
to get over them now than ever.

EVENING

Sunset. Our meal is over.

Everywhere
songs and music start up.

The dark and melancholy prison
at Ch'ing Si

Is suddenly changed
to a noble academy.

MOON

What can you do
when you're in prison,

With nothing to drink
and no flowers

To celebrate this lovely night
and fine weather?

I contemplate the moon
shining through the barred window,

And beyond the bars,
the moon watches the poet.

THE WATER RATION

The water ration is a half basin.

You can do whatever
you want with it.

You can wash your face or make tea.

If you wash, no tea.

If you want tea,
leave your face dirty.

PRISON FOOD

For every meal,
just a bowl of brown rice,

No vegetables, no salt,
not even broth.

Those who can have food brought in
can eat in prison.

Those who have no money
cry for their fathers and mothers.

NIGHTFALL

The tired birds return
to their roost in the trees.

Slowly a single cloud
drifts across the sky.

A girl in the village
is grinding corn,

While the fire glows red
in her clay oven.

A COMRADE'S PAPER BLANKET

New books, old books,
the leaves all piled together.

A paper blanket
is better than no blanket.

You who sleep like princes,
sheltered from the cold,

Do you know how many men in prison
cannot sleep all night?

THE DESERTER'S WIFE

My husband is gone.
He will never come back.

Left all alone with my sorrow,

My distress
so moved the authorities,

They took me to prison
for a rest cure.

TWILIGHT

The sword of the wind

Has been honed
on the mountain peaks.

Cold cuts into the flesh
of the trees

Like a pruning knife.

Far away a bell rings.

A lonely traveler
hurries toward home.

A boy rides on his buffalo

And plays on his flute.

COLD NIGHT

Autumn night.
No mattress. No covers.

No sleep. Body and legs
huddle up and cramp.

The moon shines
on the frost-covered banana leaves.

Beyond my bars
the Great Bear swings on the Pole.

UNABLE TO SLEEP

First watch.
Second watch. Third watch.

Unable to sleep, I twist and turn.

Fourth watch.
Fifth. Am I asleep or awake?

The five-pointed star

Of the Vietnam flag

Revolves in my dreams.

CLEAR MORNING

The morning sun
shines over the prison wall,

And drives away the shadows
and miasmas of hopelessness.

A life-giving breeze
blows across the earth.

A hundred imprisoned faces
smile once more.

THINKING OF A COMRADE

You came with me
as far as the river

The day I left.

"I'll see you soon," you said,

"Next harvest time for sure."

But the carts have long since left
the fields,

And me,
far from home, I am a prisoner.

AUTUMN NIGHT

Before the gate, a guard
with a rifle on his shoulder.

In the sky, the moon flees
through clouds.

Swarming bed bugs,
like black army tanks in the night.

Squadrons of mosquitoes,
like waves of attacking planes.

I think of my homeland.
I dream I can fly far away.

I dream I wander trapped
in webs of sorrow.

A year has come to an end here.
What crime did I commit?

In tears I write
another prison poem.

READING "THE ANTHOLOGY OF A THOUSAND POETS"

The men of old times liked to write
about nature.

Rivers. Mountains. Mists. Snow.
Flowers. Moon. Wind.

We must arm the poetry of our days
with steel,

And our poets
must learn to fight battles.

GOOD DAYS COMING

Everything changes, the wheel
of the law turns without pause.

After the rain, good weather.

In the wink of an eye

The universe throws off
its muddy clothes.

For ten thousand miles
the landscape

Spreads out like
a beautiful brocade.

Gentle sunshine.
Light breezes. Smiling flowers.

High in the trees, amongst the
sparkling leaves,

All the birds sing at once.

Men and animals rise up reborn.

What could be more natural?

After sorrow comes happiness.

FREE, I WALK ON THE MOUNTAIN AND ENJOY THE VIEW

Mountains. Clouds.
More mountains. More clouds.

Far below a river gleams,
bright and unspotted.

Alone, with beating heart,
I walk on the Western Range,

And gaze far off towards the South
and think of my comrades.

"MEN WOULD RATHER HAVE THEIR FILL OF SLEEP, LOVE, AND SINGING AND DANCING THAN OF WAR," SAID HOMER. THE EDITORS OF AVANT-GARDE AGREE, AND DO HEREBY ISSUE A CALL FOR ENTRIES FOR AN INTERNATIONAL POSTER COMPETITION BASED ON THE THEME:

NO MORE WAR!

Judges: Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, Milton Glaser, Art Kane, Jack Levine, Herb Lubalin, Dwight Macdonald, Robert Motherwell, Robert Osborn, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn, Edward Steichen & Sloan Wilson.

THE RULES OF THE COMPETITION ARE AS FOLLOWS: All professional painters, designers, illustrators, photographers, cartoonists, and other graphic artists are eligible. Amateurs may enter, too, but only after elimination contests at colleges, art and photography schools, museums, and similar institutions.

Ten winners will be selected. All winning posters will be reproduced and sold for $1 each through poststores, art supply shops, coffeehouses, boutiques, and similar retail outlets. Sales will be promoted by vigorous advertising and publicity campaigns. Prints will be donated to peace causes designated by the judges.

Artists will receive a 10% royalty on sales. Advances totaling $1,400 will be presented as follows: $500 to a grand prize winner and $100 to each of the other nine winners.

All winning posters will be featured in an issue of Avant Garde Magazine. Fifty of the best entries will be exhibited at a New York museum or gallery and sent on tour of the United States.

Choice of subject matter is at the discretion of individual artists (though posters must bear some relationship to the theme of the contest: world peace). Posters may carry any related slogan, caption, or title—or none at all—and may relate to specific conflicts, such as the war in Vietnam. Entries will be judged on the basis of artistic merit and impact of anti-war message.

Judging will take place in New York on May 30, 1968, Memorial Day. Winners will be announced at a press conference held immediately thereafter.

Deadline is 5 p.m., Monday, May 27, 1968. Entries may not exceed 19" x 25" in size and must be accompanied by artist's name and address.

The address of Avant-Garde, both for entries and inquiries, is 1116 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018, U.S.A.

Artists submitting entries in the contest grant permission for the reproduction of their works of posters after payment of royalties and of the prize money. Avant-Garde reserves the right to disqualify any entry at any stage of the competition. Avant-Garde reserves the right to change contest rules or cancel the contest entirely for any reason whatsoever. © 1967 by Avant-Garde.
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AVANT GARDE

BOB SULLIVAN

EUGENE KAR